

# The TATLER

Vol. CXLIV. No 1872

London  
May 12, 1937



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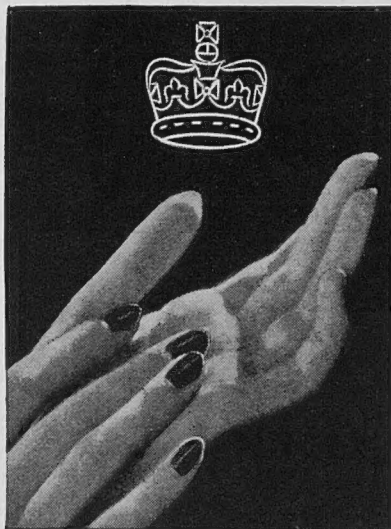
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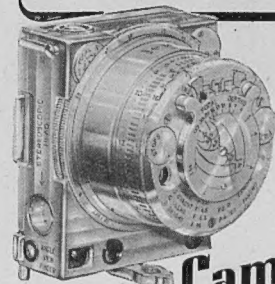
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# The TATTLER

Vol. CXLIV. No. 1872. London, May 12, 1937

POSTAGE: Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 4d. Price One Shilling



H.M. KING GEORGE VI

The above is a pastel impression of His Majesty by Mr. John Erith, from a portrait by Messrs. Speight, of New Bond Street. On this the day of His Majesty's Coronation the thoughts of every subject of the Crown in the Empire will be with the King and his gracious Queen in the most solemn moment of their lives, and every memento of such an occasion will naturally be deeply prized





LOOKING BACK ON A GREAT REIGN: A SCENE FROM "VICTORIA THE GREAT"

No one could have foreseen, when the Archbishop of Canterbury set the crown on the head of the youthful Queen Victoria, the incalculable influence upon this country, and upon the world, that she was to exert. "Put it on tight, my lord!" she said, fearing that it might slip forward on to her face—but never has crown sat more securely. Herbert Wilcox is filming the story of Victoria's reign at Denham, the production being notable for meticulous accuracy. The picture above shows the moment of Coronation with Anna Neagle as the Queen. H. B. Warner, as the unpopular Lord Melbourne, is seen at her left hand

*"God Bless the King and Queen"*

THERE is not one of us to-day who will not have a prayer in the heart as well as a cheer on the lips for the young couple who take upon themselves the great and heavy responsibility of this vast Empire. That they will succeed in winning the deep affection of us all and following the example of King George and Queen Mary is our fervent hope.

May God bless them and bring to us all a reign of peace and prosperity.

The eyes of the world are on Westminster Abbey, transformed for the occasion into a vast theatre and filled with people representing every corner of the globe to watch King George VI and Queen Elizabeth formally consecrate themselves to the service of their God, their country and their people.

Comforting, isn't it, in these stormy times to be British!

Many thrones have been vacated since King George V and Queen Mary stood where their son and daughter-in-law stand in the Abbey to-day. We ourselves have passed through an unhappy time. But from every corner of the British Empire the prayer goes up to day—"God Save the King and Queen."

To-day the curtain rises on almost the only pageant of tradition, ceremony and magnificence left in a mechanical and bustling world. The preparations have taken months of anxious care and detailed organisation, and the decorations of

## PANORAMA

flags, banners and colours, from the narrowest East End street to St. James's, transform stately, sober London into a gay and very beautiful lady.

The Queen of all streets, Bond Street, is definitely unusual, its long white flags printed with coloured crowns giving it a curiously Oriental, and rather restful effect. Birdcage Walk is a vision of dignified gaiety, St. James's Street looks really lovely, and Fleet Street thoroughly deserves a visit from ardent rubber-necks—and aren't we all?

One of the busiest people of this last week has been Lady Smith-Dorrien, who at the Royal School of Needlework superintended the embroidering of the Queen's train. After all her care and the hours of work expended, it was disconcerting, to say the least of it, that at the first rehearsal at the Abbey of the Queen's "cortège" they asked if they might "stand" on the train, as there was so little room left for those taking part in the ceremonial. When this permission was refused the train was squeezed into as small a space as possible, but "dress rehearsals" are always heart-breaking affairs, and doubtless to-day everything will pass off without the smallest hitch.

London's season started last Monday. The Royal Academy summer exhibition may be disappointing to more critical visitors, but Londoners are conservative creatures, and flocked to Burlington House with their usual fervour to see the rather undistinguished collection of exhibits.

Private View Day is too old a story to review in detail,



but, as usual, Mrs. Baldwin was an early visitor, and, as usual, fashions varied from the up-to-date to the arty-crafty, as illustrated by homespun skirts, flat-heeled sandals and flowing capes.

\* \* \*

Lady Howard de Walden, Mistress of splendid Seaford House, Belgrave Square, believes in stately entertaining. Luckily, she can afford to put her ideas into practice. A dance at Seaford House is always a well-organised function, often with a Royal guest or two to add particular distinction.

Lady Howard de Walden's dance for her daughter, Miss Gaenor Scott-Ellis, was one of the best parties in a week of brilliant functions. The Royal guests on this occasion were the King of Egypt, the Duke and Duchess of Kent and Prince Arthur of Connaught.

Over seven hundred guests were invited, and quite that number seemed to be climbing the famous green marble staircase at Seaford House at the same time as I myself attempted it.

Lady Howard de Walden's dinner party can truthfully be described by that often rather abused adjective "brilliant." Guests, headed by the King of Egypt and his entourage, included also Lord and Lady Antrim, Lady Elizabeth Percy, Count and Countess Serge Orloff-Davidoff, the Earl of Chichester and the Earl of Erne.

Equally distinguished were those who gave dinner parties and, with their guests, came on to this dance. Judge for yourselves: The Belgian Ambassador; Lady Acton, who is chaperoning a young sister-in-law through the season; the white-haired, lovely-faced Countess of Lisburne; the ever-gracious Marchioness of Titchfield; the Viscountess St.



T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AT THE RECEPTION TO OVERSEAS DELEGATES

Their Royal Highnesses attended the reception at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, to the delegates from Overseas Empire Legislatures to the Conference of the Empire Parliamentary Association. Captain the Rt. Hon. Euan Wallace, Secretary to the Department of Overseas Trade and President of the Board of Governors, is on the right of the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of Gloucester is second from the right in the picture. On the extreme left is Captain Victor Gordon-Lennox

Dauids; and, of course, all the Embassies and Legations were represented among the general company.

\* \* \*

Leading up to to-day's function were other Royal entertainments, most notable being the State Banquet last Monday (May 10), with the splendour of gorgeous uniforms and decorations, beautiful jewels, and lovely gowns on lovely women, to enhance the grandeur of gold plate, attendants in Royal livery, and the general magnificence of crimson and white and gold of the State rooms at Buckingham Palace.

The Speaker and Mrs. FitzRoy's reception in the Houses of Parliament was a brilliant finish to a splendid evening. Guests, more than two thousand of them, wandered through the House of Commons; there were more uniforms, more jewels, more lovely women. Not perhaps a party to be enjoyed by the very frivolous-minded, but a grand party of the kind that we British manage so successfully, well staged, well arranged, spectacular without vulgarity, splendour without ostentation. "A great evening, Mr. Speaker!"

There was still another spectacular party at Londonderry House, where so many famous parties—Royal, political and private—have been held.

Guests were required to bring their invitation cards, and without them it was impossible to gain admission for the privilege of meeting Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone, or of walking up that famous staircase at the top of which Lady Londonderry, bejewelled and handsome, stood waiting to receive the hundreds of guests.

Many Overseas visitors were  
(Continued overleaf)



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT AT A CONCERT IN AID OF THE OVER-THIRTY ASSOCIATION

The recital of chamber music and poetry in aid of the Over-Thirty Association, at which the Duke and Duchess of Kent were present, was held at Londonderry House and the guests were received by Lady Londonderry and Lady Cynthia Colville, who is Chairman of the Committee and President of the Association. In the above group the names are, reading from left to right: Lady Cynthia Colville, Lord Londonderry, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent and Lady Londonderry. The excellent programme was arranged by Mme. Adila Fachiri and Miss Jelly d'Aranyi, who played works for two violins, and Miss Helen Waddell read from her unpublished verse. Miss Leonie Zifado sang a group of Spanish songs, and Mr. Clifton Helliwell was at the piano



## PANORAMA

—continued

there, thrilled—as we have all been at our first visit—by the ball-room, the well-lit and well-arranged portraits of the Londonderry family, and the general atmosphere of magnificent hospitality so rare to-day in a world of cocktail parties and “snack” meals.

The same evening, too, was chosen by the Treasurer, Master Heber Hart, K.C., and the Masters of the Bench of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple for their reception to the Delegates of the Parliaments of the Empire. Distinguished guests filled the famous Middle Temple Hall to meet, besides the hosts, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, who have been amongst the busiest members of the Royal Family for the past few weeks.

An orchestra played up in the Minstrels' Gallery, and guests wandered through the fine Hall, but as the average person is apt to be rather bewildered at being confronted by historic objects, guests at the Middle Temple reception were spared the ordeal of racking their brains to recall the history of their surroundings, for thoughtful hosts had provided a souvenir programme. In it readers were told of the building, that the screen is the finest in London, learnt the significance of the Coats of Arms on the wainscoting, of the six copper plates in the entrance corridor, and of how the smaller table below the high table in the Hall is jealously guarded by a wooden cover, which can be moved aside. The guard was removed that night to show guests that smaller table, which is made from oak taken from the *Golden Hind*, the ship in which Sir Francis Drake sailed round the world, or, as the programme put it, “circumnavigated the globe”!

And still my list of brilliant entertainments last week is not complete.

Each evening diplomats and politicians were friendly rivals, competing to add to the enjoyment of the distinguished visitors arrived in England to be present at the Coronation.

Diplomats gathered in force at the Danish Legation, where the Danish Minister and the Countess Ahlefeldt-Laurvig's party was given for the dual purpose of celebrating the Jubilee of the King and Queen of Denmark and the visit of the Crown Prince and Princess, who is popular “Princess Ingrid,” and whom we regard as partly, at least, a British Princess, since she is the granddaughter of the Duke of Connaught.

The Norwegian Minister and Madame Colban followed with hospitality on the next night. Once again the diplomats came *en masse*, as decorative and bejewelled as their ladies, to “have the honour of meeting” the Crown Prince and Princess of Norway. Here, too, the English guests had a special interest in those in whose



HERE FOR THE CORONATION: THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF DENMARK WITH THE EARL OF ATHLONE

Prince Frederick, the heir to the Danish throne, is Denmark's Royal representative at the Coronation. The Crown Princess was Princess Ingrid of Sweden before her marriage: she is the grand-daughter of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught and so cousin to H.M. King George VI. The Earl of Athlone is H.M. Queen Mary's brother



TO ATTEND THE CORONATION: LORD SWANSEA

Lord Swansea is the youngest Welsh peer to attend the Coronation; he is twelve years old. Peers above the age of ten may attend and the youngest of those qualified is Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, who had his tenth birthday on October 20 last year

honour the party was given. Crown Prince Olaf is the son of Queen Maud, a daughter of King Edward VII, who, in giving his consent to her marriage with a foreigner, stipulated that she should visit England every year. Prince Olaf was well known over here as a small boy, and Queen Maud is always greeted with affection on her annual visits.

Last of the parties leading up to to-day's magnificent ceremony was the dinner at York House given by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, their first big party since they were married.

To-morrow, May 13, first in the list of functions is the State Banquet at Buckingham Palace and the Coronation Ball at the Albert Hall, which will be attended by hundreds of distinguished guests.

They will see, among several “spectacular” items, Lady Oxford as Queen Elizabeth surrounded by Courtiers and Maids of Honour, direct descendants all of them of those who attended on the Virgin Queen. The first

Queen Elizabeth complained at her Coronation because her sensitive nose was offended by the smell of the oil used at the ceremony!

A most enjoyable party of last Friday was the dinner-dance which Mrs. Alexis French and Mrs. Boynton gave in the Marie Antoinette room of the Ritz Hotel. The two debutantes for whom the dance was given, Jacqueline French and Patsy Dick-Cleland, were helped in their choice of guests by the three elder daughters of Mrs. Alexis French by her first marriage. The three half-sisters, Diana, Silvia, and Iris Ryle, are all pretty, witty and vivacious, and much-travelled.

Diana is just back from the winter in New York, and was full of amusing incidents. She has travelled in the Far East and in India. Iris has recently flown back from lion-shooting in Africa.

Nowadays, it is quite the fashion for brothers to chaperone their sisters. I noticed Michael Smiley had brought his sister, Bridget. Christopher Darwin was with his sister Vivian.

Jacqueline French, who, in contrast to her three blonde half-sisters, is dark, is a gifted young artist, and draws animals particularly well.

The flowers for the dance had been chosen especially to suit her. There were masses of petunia tulips to match her dress, set off with lilies.

## “THE TATLER” CORONATION NUMBER

will be published next week.  
Particulars of this unique and interesting number are given on page 254





THE CARLTON CLUB CORONATION DINNER AT OXFORD

At this dinner, held in Oxford the week before the Coronation, many famous Oxonians of the past and also the present foregathered, and in the above very interesting group the names are, left to right (back): Mr. H. Robey (a steward), Mr. J. A. Boyd-Carpenter, Mr. J. A. Russell, the Hon. Hugh Fraser, brother and heir-presumptive of Lord Lovat, Mr. A. T. Lennox-Boyd, M.P. (Mid-Bedfordshire), Mr. A. M. S. Neave (Junior Treasurer), the Rev. F. Hood (Principal of Pusey House), Mr. W. R. B. Foster, Mr. J. K. Henderson, and Mr. P. M. Anderson (President of the Union Society); (seated) Sir William Rothenstein, the famous painter, Sir Charles Oman, the historian, Mr. A. P. Herbert, M.P., the dramatist, Sir John Marriott, a former Member for Oxford, Mr. Ian Harvey (the President), Mr. H. J. S. Wedderburn, Under-Secretary of State for Scotland, Captain R. C. Bourne, M.P., the famous old Oxford rowing Blue, Sir Charles Petrie, the historian, and Colonel C. H. Wilkinson (Senior Treasurer)



*Lenare*  
DRESSED FOR THE COURT: LADY  
McLEAN AND HER DAUGHTERS



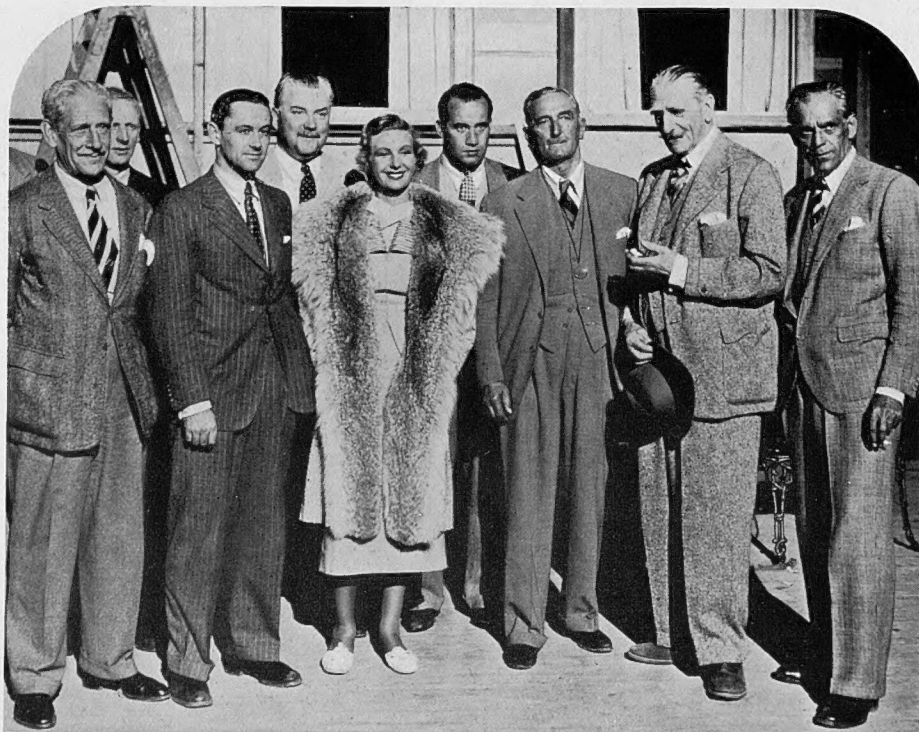
*Lenare*  
THE ITALIAN AMBASSADOR  
AND CONTESSA GRANDI



*Vandyk*  
LADY STRABOLGI WITH THE  
HON. FERELITH KENWORTHY

Amid scenes of traditional splendour the first two Courts of the Coronation Season took place on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, and provided an unforgettable memory for both very young and more mature members of society. Débutantes making their curtsies to the King and Queen included Miss Iona and Miss Frances McLean, daughters of Sir Francis McLean, of Huntercombe Place, near Henley-on-Thames. They were presented by their mother, and Lady Strabolgi presented her only daughter, the Hon. Ferelith Kenworthy. Conti and Contessa Grandi were photographed at the Italian Embassy in Grosvenor Square shortly before leaving for Buckingham Palace





THE CAPTAIN OF THE M.C.C. TEAM IN HOLLYWOOD

The picture was taken on the set of *Broadway Melody of 1937*, which is in production with M.G.M. In the picture, counting from the left, is Claude King, the English actor, well known on stage and screen; the third figure is G. O. Allen, captain of the team; fourth is Nigel Bruce and next to him Binnie Barnes; on her left are C. B. Fry, C. Aubrey Smith, the veteran favourite of the English theatre, and Boris Karloff of the gruesome films

MISS ANNA NEAGLE may, for all we know, be a great actress. The trouble is that we have not till now been given any opportunity to judge whether she can act at all. She has appeared in traditional, not to say classic, rôles. We have seen her winking, grinning very prettily, and throwing her weight about generally as Nell Gwyn. We have seen her winking, grinning very prettily, and throwing her weight about generally as Peg Woffington. We have also seen her winking, smiling, and hurling herself from trapeze to trapeze in a film called *The Three Maxims*, which shamed the devil in the matter of acrobatics, and told most of the truth in the matter of the trio's peculiar relationships. The latest news about Miss Neagle is that she is playing Queen Victoria in a film at Denham which is to be called *Victoria the Great!* Hear the news as a contemporary records it: "The coronation of Anna Neagle takes place at Denham studios to-day. The interior of Westminster Abbey of one hundred years ago has been built on one of the biggest stages. Miss Neagle is the Queen in Herbert Wilcox's new production, and the ceremony to be filmed is to be as accurate as contemporary records can make it. Wilcox has declared that he will allow himself none of the latitude he gave himself with his other historical pictures, *Nell Gwyn* and *Peg of Old Drury*." We are not amused at this information. But we are at least intrigued by it. What will be the exact artistic whereabouts of Miss Neagle on this occasion? Will she stop winking, grinning, and throwing her weight about? Will her longitude surpass Mr. Wilcox's latitude?

In the interim there has been opportunity for further appraisal of Miss Neagle's qualifications to play Queen Victoria. She has just appeared in a new film at the Plaza called *London Melody*, and it would be idle to maintain that there is anything regal in her newest impersonation. She grins, winks, and hurls herself into the reticent arms of two diplomats. She is, you see, a Cockney waif who sings and dances beside a barrel-organ and in front of the most expensive night clubs. She follows this calling to such an extent that one night her barrel-organ is shoved forward by the Rolls-Royce of a suave Italianate diplomat, who throws her a compensating half-crown and deems her pretty enough to come up and see him in his Foreign Office. The meeting is eminently respectable because Mr. Andreani is accompanied by a junior, Mr. Taplow, who is slightly less suave and still handsomer, while Jacqueline has brought with her the old priest, Father Donnelly, from the church round the corner. Though the young person spits enough Cockney fire to raise the four diplomatic eyebrows in a mixture of surprise and

## THE CINEMA

### "London Melody"

By ALAN DENT

amusement, the encounter is successful enough to warrant at least one more visit without priest but also without loss of prestige on one hand or purity on the other. Some readers may recall a pre-war song of the music-halls:

Molly O'Morgan with her little organ  
She's out in the streets every day,  
Singing tooral-y-ooral-y-ay,  
Singing tooral-y-ooral-y-ooral-y-ay.  
Fellows who met her, they ne'er could  
forget her,

She set all their hearts in a whirl,  
Molly O'Morgan with her little organ,  
The Irish-Italian girl!

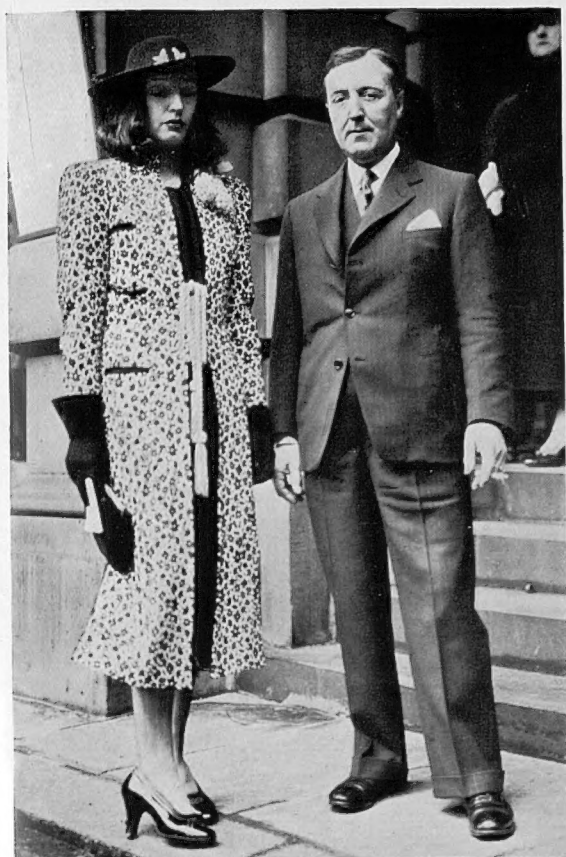
It was exactly thus with Jacqueline. First Mr. Andreani, his heart in a whirl, found her a job as a housemaid. Then, after an interval in which she had proved eminently unsatisfactory in the rôle, she was sent to a dancing school to learn not to spit fire, to become a young lady, and to sing and dance like a professional. The credit and expense for all this Jacqueline attributed to the poor old priest, though it was ragingly obvious that in real life she herself would have been the first to say "Garn!" at so improbable a

suggestion. Anyhow, she became quite a lady, and the younger diplomat, Mr. Taplow, told her he loved her, asked her to wait for him, and went to Shanghai on a mission. Mr. Andreani all this while merely winced and went on paying those bills, with nothing but a shower of lady-like grins and winks to reward him. In no time little Jacqueline became a great cabaret artist. And here we have to admire a certain consistency in the preposterous tale. For instead of striking the town with some new variation in nudity, Jacqueline always elaborately over-dressed herself, and so continued in her little way of profitable purity. In her most successful number she was preceded by a horde of nut-brown maidens wriggling in a jungle ecstasy. Into this torrid zone would burst a polar Jacqueline, nearly overwhelmed in white fur, with vast muffs on either arm and a hat also in white fur and of almost impracticable height. Night after night the forlorn Mr. Andreani, accompanied by some bored beauty, would come to gaze at this symbolic ballet, and go thus sad away. The next news was that Mr. Taplow had disgraced himself in China by betraying a state secret. And therefore Mr. Andreani, because he loved Jacqueline, and because Jacqueline loved Mr. Taplow, shouldered all the blame himself, resigned from the Foreign Office, and caught the first boat to Jamaica! Gazing suavely at the sunset he was startled to hear the familiar tooral-y-ooral, and there was his good little Jacqueline, who at the last moment had realised that she loved him after all and had decided to spend the wages of virtue in booking the adjacent cabin. Mr. Tullio Carminati and Mr. Robert Douglas made as pained and elegant a pair of diplomats as you might hope to find between China and Jamaica.

The programme was completed by a rather ingenious but too protracted thriller called *The Crime Nobody Saw*. This revolved round the hypothetical theory that a charming Frenchwoman with numerous lovers could successfully pretend to be her own husband through donning men's clothes and adding a pair of spectacles and an imperial to her face. So disguised, she did a blackmailing round of her admirers whenever she became hard-pressed for cash! Nobody in the audience—it was a particularly warm afternoon—seemed to have enough energy either to believe or disbelieve in this one. Between these two major films was a sub-aquatic short of young persons disporting, eating, drinking, dancing, smoking and getting married in the bed of a river. Anything so tasteless, absurd, and unamusing it is impossible to imagine. It is fair to the Plaza audience to say that it viewed the cretinous display in the stoniest silence one has ever heard in any cinema.



# PRIVATE VIEWERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY



MISS DORETTE WOODWARD WITH  
MR. GERALD BROCKHURST, A.R.A.



LADY ALEXANDER, WITHOUT WHOM  
NO PRIVATE VIEW IS COMPLETE



SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.,  
AND LADY CASTLEROSSE



MR. AND MRS. COWAN DOBSON



MR. GRANT RICHARDS AND HIS  
DAUGHTER, MRS. JOHN TAYLOR



THE HON. MRS. JOHN BTHELL AND THE  
HON. MRS. EDWARD BARFORD CAME TOGETHER

It has long been a tradition not only that Private View Day at the Royal Academy marks the official opening of the London season, but also that feminine private viewers should provide each other with something to look at besides the pictures. Lady Alexander can always be depended on to do her bit in this respect. This year she chose pink and black as her successful colour scheme. Mrs. Cowan Dobson, the well-known portraitist's wife, wore a particularly striking outfit—a shot blue and white silk coat over a long sapphire velvet skirt, and Lady Castlerosse also quickly caught the eye by reason of her tall, gaily-patterned headgear. Sir John Lavery, Senior Academician, is showing four pictures; his "Sunbathers" made a great appeal at the Private View, and there was also a crowd round "Chamber Music at Wimborne House." Mr. Gerald Brockhurst's six portraits include an admirable one of Merle Oberon. Mrs. John Taylor, who is planning to spend Whitsuntide at Scheidegg, arrived at Burlington House with her father, the prominent publisher. The Hon. Mrs. Edward Barford's father, Lord Ashfield, was presumably too busily concerned with London's transport crisis to accompany her. The Hon. Mrs. Bethell is Lord Bethell's daughter-in-law



# Racing Ragout

By  
"GUARDRAIL"



LORD AND LADY SOMERLEYTON,  
LADY JANE DOUGLAS AND LORD  
DRUMLANRIG AT THE HENHAM  
HARRIERS MEETING

Lady Jane Douglas and Lord Drumlanrig are Lord and Lady Queensberry's children. A studio portrait of Lady Somerleyton and one of her children is on another page in this issue. The Henham Harriers ran their Point-to-Point at Flixton, near Bungay, in Suffolk

divine debauchery" (however that may apply), asks me to write more about racing. Being thus assured that I have at any rate a public of one, I feel that I must try. He further asks, have I read —'s articles in the *Sporting Life* as his work is worth a guinea a minute. May I say that I study the paper minutely every morning, and that I think the columns written by the gentleman in question are worth double the money. A friend of mine who has just returned from a drastic cure at Baden-Baden fully agrees with me, but says that he has known even this on occasion to be a gross undervaluation. While out there he endeavoured with a good deal of trouble to get hold of a copy, and going for a short walk sat down in the sun to devour it from cover to cover. Within a minute a lady well known in racing circles, also doing the cure, came up and asked, "Can I have your paper?" Always the soul of courtesy, he rose and proffered her the journal, which she seized and at once strode off to a nearby copse. I am forwarding the lady my correspondent's letter to read its contents and make what use she likes of it.

The Guineas form was a shock to all concerned. I understand, and on form it was obvious, that Frank Carter had no fancy at all for Ksar, the winner, and barring Diolite, I have never seen an easier Guineas winner. At the same time I do not think that he won it on outstanding merit, but because the others were so unfit that he was running on when they blew up. If you look at this year's results it will be found that, practically speaking, the only trainers at Newmarket who have won races are the three brothers Jarvis and Colledge Leader. I think I am right in saying that they alone have private gallops and no one else has had any galloping ground owing to the terrible weather. It cannot be helped. The public gallops cannot be cut to ribbons in March; but there it is. In the Guineas I do not think that The Hour had been trained for the race, and Fair Copy made such a

I AM in receipt of a letter from a reader who, after pooh-poohing us a good deal and referring to the other readers as "martyrs of

slow beginning as to have no chance, though he ran best of all the Newmarket-trained horses except Goya.

Perifox the day before told the same story, as probably did Precipitation, who won't gallop at home, and Boswell. Foray is one of my favourite horses and the best sprinter in England, probably, but the best-looking Classic horse in the field was Fairford. He was the first to blow up, but will keep on improving.

The One Thousand was the deuce of a race with only a matter of heads in the first five. I don't ever remember seeing so many animals, particularly fillies, get so much stick.

I think the fillies as a whole were much fitter than the colts, but as a rule they don't take so much training. Through Midday Sun Exhibitionist would beat all the colts, and I can't believe this. I have a fancy that the Derby will go to Freemason Lodge's selected.

By now one has a pretty fair idea of the early two-year-olds, and there are four which stand out. All the form of those which have run behind them is good. They are Argentina, Hesitate, Orris colt and Ipswich, and I should place them in the reverse order. I rather doubt any of the better two-year-olds coming out till they have had some sun on their backs, and when this is coming, Allah knows. It was only two degrees above freezing two mornings and the unfortunate horses look half-starved.

An innovation has been introduced at Headquarters in the shape of an electric bell ringing to call attention to any notices being put up on the board to signal objections, etc. I had thought this an



ALSO: CAPTAIN BARNE, MISS  
HOLMES HUNT AND LORD AND LADY  
STRADBROKE

Captain Barne was amongst that brave band of jockeys at the recent Henham Harriers' Point-to-Point at Flixton. They had extra good fields and lots of fun. Lord Stradbroke has been Master and huntsman of these hounds since 1888. They were started 200 years ago as foxhounds and their country is in Suffolk and Norfolk

improvement, but an acquaintance of mine the first time it sounded ran and crouched under the rails, thinking from old associations it was a burglar alarm. It came as a great surprise to many when it rang for an objection to Camacha by Daydawn. From the stands it appeared that Camacha kept a straight course and was too far in front to interfere with anyone, while Daydawn only obtained second place by knocking every other horse out of its stride in turn.



AND ALSO AT THE HENHAM  
POINT-TO-POINT

Lord Dunwich and Mrs. Michael Barne, who is the only daughter of Prebendary L. J. Percival, K.C.V.O. Lord Dunwich is the son of the Henham Harriers' Master, Lord Stradbroke



# AT THIRSK RACES



SIR RICHARD SYKES AND  
LADY FEVERSHAM



W. WING, THE HON. MRS. GERALD WELLESLEY  
AND LORD NUNBURNHOLME



THE HON. MRS. MOUNTJOY FANE  
AND MR. ANTHONY LOWTHER



MR. L. L. MAITLAND  
AND MRS. J. BELL



F. FOX, WITH MISS WESTON ADAMSON  
AND HER SISTER



MR. AND MRS. ERNEST  
CRADDOCK

These photographs were taken at the popular Yorkshire course on the day of the Coronation Handicap, which was won by Rashiegrain. Lady Feversham was the Hon. Anne Wood until her marriage last year; she is Lord Halifax's daughter. Her husband is Joint-Master of the Sinnington and is also an owner on the flat, as is Sir Richard Sykes. Mrs. Gerald Wellesley won the Birdforth Maiden Plate with Keen Air, Wing in the saddle. Both she and Lord Nunburnholme race under both codes. The Hon. Mrs. Mountjoy Fane is the wife of Lord Westmorland's brother, and the sporting proclivities of the family persist in them; their colours are registered both on the flat and under N.H. Rules. Mrs. Bell is the wife of Mr. J. Bell, who is the proprietor of Thirsk Racecourse, a Steward of the meeting and a noted breeder; Mr. Maitland is in the Gordon Highlanders (Supplementary Reserve). Fox, appropriately, rode Miss Weston Adamson's Silver Fox in the fourth race, but was unplaced





NOEL COWARD—AND FRIEND

Noel Coward, seen here on his return from the Bahamas, has recently set down the story of his versatile life, and he has done it, as he does everything else, with great skill and cleverness. It may be that those who work with the pen have an even keener appreciation of his talents than those who enjoy them without analysing, and we are pleased to figure as "and friend"

newspaper on his lap, a handkerchief over his head. Which handkerchief billows back and forth with every breath, accompanied by a decided snore. It is called "A quiet evening at home," or "Having the family all around one." It is father's idea of domestic happiness after a long day spent at the office. It illustrated, according to his elderly life, the joy of "keeping the children together." This "keeping" being a law rather than a shared inclination. It is the preliminary to the weekly Sabbath; that blessed "day of rest." "From what?" the adolescents ask themselves. They are not in the least tired, nor do they require rest. But it is all very holy and recuperative, so they have been told. Only, for them, so depressingly dull. They have not yet realised, of course, that too many people in this world demand for others what they like for themselves; condemning likewise the things which for them have no appeal. They have not yet got to know that only comparatively few people have cultivated the gift of being able to entertain themselves. They seem incapable of doing so. And education has nothing whatever to do with it. Neither have riches and freedom.

Regard the amusements of the very wealthy, or what people do with their lives when unexpectedly they come into money. It is usually a very futile programme. But it breaks the monotony of existence and so seems justified. And Moral Authority condones too many cocktails while it frowns on too many football coupons. The poor should never waste their money even to break the monotony of their often too monotonous wage-earning. But they often

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Monte Carlo.

I HAVE in my mind's eye the picture of an Edwardian family. It is a winter's evening; one of six months of wintry evenings—and I care not what the calendar may say of late autumn and early spring! The family are gathered around the fireside. The adolescents are reading, because there is nothing else to do and they have been told to be quiet. Mother is knitting for the same reason. Father is asleep in the most comfortable easy-chair, the

do. And that is why most of them have a daily shilling "on." Something to look forward to at the end of the dull routine of working on uncreative jobs. So you will never eradicate gambling until you make life so full of the joy of creative work, of building up, that the lesser joy of bringing off a sixpenny "double" is no more thrilling than a good cup of tea. Until it is so, however, men and women will always seek to get out of the rut by giving their luck a chance. Personally, I am no gambler, but I refuse to preen myself as a consequence. I also seek to break monotony by "wasting" my money or time, or both, and if one day I ever bought some shares which soared, rather than sagged, I should—like the sixpenny "doubler"—consider myself extremely "cute" and existence a far jollier spiritual state. It is so easy—so fatally easy—to condemn vices and weaknesses and moral turgidity for which we have not the least inclination. On the other hand, I have a thousand reasons to forgive myself for the things which I have done that would have been better left undone. Were I to choose between gambling and bigotry, I would definitely choose gambling. Or loose living rather than back-biting; theft rather than exploitation, and drink rather than a vile temper.

So I was really very interested and entertained by General Pierre Polovtsoff's gay book, "Monte Carlo Casino" (Stanley Paul; 18s.), when I ought, not being a gambler myself, to have "thrown" remarks about which fell like thunderbolts. I ought to have thought of all the suicides I had heard and read about, of all the lives ruined by the "last throw" which turned up blank, of all the money which is wasted on the excitement of—well, losing, as a general rule; of that rather dreadful "sport" known as pigeon-shooting (unsportingly associated in my mind with the wholesale bringing down of pheasants and grouse), and all the sinners who flock to Monte Carlo to seek the wherewithal to go on sinning or to sin no more. On the other hand, the General—who is the President of the International Sporting Club—rather disarmed me in the beginning by observing that "There is nothing in the Ten Commandments against gambling. Indeed, it fits in very well with what the Scriptures tell us, for we are told to get rid of worldly possessions, and gambling

is the easiest, quickest and pleasanter way of doing it." People, he tells us—and I agree with him—do not gamble to make money but to seek sensation. And that is one up against modern life rather than one up against immorality. So you see that common sight in all Continental casinos—millionaires playing in ten-francs, and elderly women, born presumably in God's likeness, growing to look rather like bad-tempered old hawks.

Indeed, the only thing I have really got against gambling in any form is that its enthusiastic adherents get to look so ugly. Look around at the faces of a Continental casino crowd, or at those crowds which regularly frequent race-meetings, even those who play bridge as a life's obsession, and you will see human beings so scruffy-souled as to fill you with a certain horror and nausea. If gambling makes one look like that there must be something wrong, not with gambling, but with the person whose mind and spirit live for it alone. But I have seen puritans and politicians (especially of the Left Wing), financiers, prostitutes, fanatics, and society dames look just as hard and evil and ruthless and sordid, so it probably lies in the fulfilment of character rather than in the actual deed. And, in any case, gambling quite apart, Monte Carlo at least offers many beautiful compensations. It has a lovely situation and it keeps its loveliness intact—which can't be said of many lovely places these days.

(Continued on page 254)



"DOWN TO THE SEA": MR. GEORGE BLAKE AT THE CLYDE'S SOURCE

In "Down to the Sea" Mr. Blake has written the history of the Clyde and its building of grand ships from the old days to the "Queen Mary"—a stirring record. He is seen at the spring of Daer Water, whence the first waters of the Clyde go down to the sea





W. Dennis Moss

### THE MASTER OF THE HORSE: HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, G.C.V.O.

The Master of the Horse is one of the oldest offices, if not the oldest, in the Royal Household and in the list of the Household comes third in order, after the Lord Chamberlain and the Lord Steward. He is responsible for the maintenance of the Royal Mews, although the routine duties are carried out by the Crown Equerry. No one could be better fitted, however, for such a responsibility than the Duke of Beaufort, who is, amongst his other interests, a very fine amateur huntsman, and hunted a Beaufort bitch pack even in his father's day. The Master of the Horse has many ancient privileges, including the right to use any horse or carriage in the royal stables. He has also the right to ride with the Sovereign in his coach, although, when a somewhat pompous holder of the appointment tried to insist on his claim so to ride with Queen Victoria, the old Duke of Wellington assured him that her Majesty could command him to cling to the step "or run behind like a little tinker's dog." His Grace is connected with the Royal Family by marriage. In 1923 he married Lady Mary Cambridge, only daughter of the first Marquess of Cambridge.



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued.

You can spend quite a harmless and delightful life there, even though you never go into the Casino at all. Sport, music, wonderful excursions. While as for the suicides, the rate is no higher there than anywhere else where pleasure lives and thrives.

As for "good stories," books about Monte Carlo must abound with them. This book does. Including the story of the austere Lord Salisbury, then Foreign Secretary, being refused admission because he had no passport. And of how delighted the authorities are whenever anybody breaks the bank; it is the prelude to a rush of would-be imitators from all over the world. And of how the late Sam Lewis, once persuaded by a friend to enlarge his education by going to see Rome, returned in two days with the remark, "Well, you can 'ave Rome." As I wrote above, this is a gay book.

Chock full of entertainment—unless you are prejudiced against gambling in any shape or form, from a penny bet to a whole inheritance "planked" on one number. Anyway, I enjoyed reading it, not because I am a gambler, but because I am not one. The Casino really means nothing to me, but Monte Carlo itself, its history and its temporary inhabitants, its "glamour," is unique in the world where people amuse themselves.

## London.

London is supposed to be the best-governed city in the whole world. Anyway, someone has said so, on what authority we know not. Optimism, however, which covers a wide field and in which we are directly or even indirectly concerned, is always welcomed. Pessimism we reserve for individuals—or the future. Nevertheless, here is Mr. Robert Sinclair's new book, "Metropolitan Man" (Allen and Unwin; 10s. 6d.), which is so relentlessly disquieting and depressing that we come to believe at last that London is not really governed at all—except as muddle, overlapping, authority without power or power without authority, cross-purposes and double-crossings may be said to govern. To begin with, London itself is becoming year by year a greater human outrage.

Almost a quarter of Great Britain's entire population is concentrated within the London area. And it is increasing by 80,000 fresh inhabitants each year! It has become some hideous growth which is sapping the life-blood of the rest of the country. The mass of people has become unmanageable. Londoners suffer not only from lack of breathing-space, but, as a consequence, from the handicap of greater spiritual and mental growth outside their own horizon. Work and travelling to and fro has become their daily round; the cinema their chief relaxation. Everything, including man, is becoming more and more mass-produced. Everywhere there are the awful signs of a too-close human contact. According to L.C.C. statistics, illegitimate births have increased by 37 per cent. during the last ten years. One in every sixth baby born in London is suffering, to a less or greater extent, from venereal disease.

Alone, the policing of London costs £8,000,000 a year. Not because Londoners are themselves criminal, but because where there are riches and masses of people, there the alien or visiting criminals will foregather in their herds. As for the administration of this "cancer" of growth, it has become almost a matter beyond solution. Even so, the manifold bodies which have sprung up to deal with the ever-increasing crop of fresh problems stultify each other's efforts, for the greater part, by their lack of centralisation, their jealousies,

the desire on the part of individuals or small coteries for power and aggrandisement: 6390 separate authorities, consisting of "amateur legislators and administrators," and over fifty mayors, are seeking to govern London on the "familiar paraphernalia of the school debating society." "This great ant-heap of town councillors," Mr. Sinclair calls them. And when it comes to amalgamated movement, the result would be truly comic, were it not also an expensive joke. While the Postmaster-General defaces the walls with "Use More Telephones" posters, "the subscriber who has paid for his instrument has to go without it, some borough council having banned overhead wires and some Post Office department having refused to pay for an underground cable." When the traffic of Westminster is paralysed by society weddings, and the question is raised at the next meeting of the L.C.C., the answer promptly comes from the Government Bench that "any interference

with Cupid would probably be deeply resented by the warm-hearted citizens of London." And thus Mr. Robert Sinclair's grimly ironical, though fully documented, account of London's muddled administration; of the evils of its untimely growth; of its baleful influence on individual lives, especially on those of children and young adults, goes on—amusing you, disquieting you, but challenging, as it should, every reader's deepest attention. No wonder the average Londoner is indifferent to the local administration which is supposed to look after his interests! He seems to be a victim of so many corporate bodies, each going gaily and mostly ineffectually on its own "pet" way, that, although technically he may belong to the London area, he doesn't really seem to belong to anywhere—as, indeed, in effect he often doesn't. At any rate, if this book will not clear all the air of his bewilderment, it will help to clear some of it, for Mr. Sinclair is often constructive while he "demolishes" and his chapter-and-verse methods for all the evidence he cites must carry weight with all thinking citizens—not only of London, but of the modern urbanised world in which we live more and more enmeshed as the years go by.

## THE TATLER

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## Writer's Ramp.

It always amuses me when I read a story in which the heroine falls in love with a writer, as if he were a being from some celestial sphere, or has an intrigue with one—of necessity on sight, apparently; since in certain minds to be a writer is at once to achieve irresistible glamour and romance. This kind of story is nearly always written by the writing novice or the second-rate novelist. In reality, I have discovered authors and authoresses to be, with some exceptions, a dull lot, as relentlessly shop-talkers as actors and actresses, but without the latter's entertaining experiences. Well, "Country Dance" (Nicholson and Watson; 7s. 6d.), by Gideon Clark, is about the baleful fate which befell a West Country village when a group of literary men and women decided to settle in it to talk and write; mostly talk. I cannot imagine anything more awful happening to any village, apart from an ambitious local jerry-builder with a "site." This lively account of how a group of writers, male and female, "carried on" according to their bent amid this peaceful scene would have been more entertaining still had any of them been less dully professional, in spite of their loves and jealousies and ambitions. The author does his best to make his puppets dance, however, but the semi-nitwitted village maidens who were so terrified of a spectral Black Monk are scarcely less psychologically exciting.





William Davis

PREPARED: WESTMINSTER ABBEY WITH ITS STANDS AND SHELTERS

AN ARCHITECTURAL DRAWING SHOWING THE ANNEXE.  
(ON RIGHT) THE ABBEY FLOODLIT

The changed face of London is indicated in these photographs. In the picture at the top, which is taken from Big Ben's tower over St. Stephen's, the stands that hide Parliament Square are a prominent feature. The Annexe is solidly built on concrete with steel frames, and attention to detail has even included the use of veneer made from ancient elm logs which formed part of the submerged protection of old Waterloo Bridge. Long immersion has brought this timber to a silver-grey which harmonises with the colouring of the Abbey. The floodlighting scheme is one of the most ambitious ever attempted in this country and the splendours of the venerable building are thrown into high relief





## CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST



J. J. F. PENNINK, THE ENGLISH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION

The winner and his trophy after he had won it from L. G. Crawley, whom he beat 6 and 5 over thirty-six holes at Saunton on May Day. J. J. F. Pennink played cricket for Tonbridge School, and is a good lawn tennis and squash rackets player. L. G. Crawley also plays other games, as he played cricket for Cambridge and Essex and is a rackets Blue. He won the English Championship in 1931 and was runner-up for it in 1934.

PEOPLE are kind enough from time to time to write and ask me where they should spend their summer holidays. Generally, they give some qualifications, such as by the sea or not by the sea, East Coast or South Coast, and so forth; but in future, I beg to give notice, my reply will be the same to them all—"Go and spend your holiday at Saunton." We all have gaps in our golfing education. One in my own, now happily filled, was that I had never been to Saunton. After watching the English Championship there for the past week and snatching a furtive round one evening myself, I now declare it to be without question my favourite links.

"One thing about your job," remarked a friend of mine, "is that at least it takes you to pleasant places." It certainly does. The only place more inviting than Saunton in April and May, they tell me, is Saunton in September. Here is one of the few remaining truly seaside links in

Britain—seaside, that is, in the old accepted sense of the word. Hayling Island is another. It is difficult to think of a third. Saunton is no links for the modern standardised golfer with his solitary stroke and his twenty clubs. Bunkers round the green are few and far between; instead, the hazards are the thousand and one little 'umps and 'ollows in which the imperfect stroke must inevitably finish. From any of them the artist-golfer can hole out in two more shots, but he does not achieve it with a quarter shot with his No. 9A. He must be a master of the short game.

On any other course I fancy that Leonard Crawley would have become English champion—but his stereotyped, artificial style of play was not equal to the task imposed upon it by Saunton. His ball would slip off the green with the second shot, and it became commonplace to see him hit it four times with his putter before it dropped into the hole.

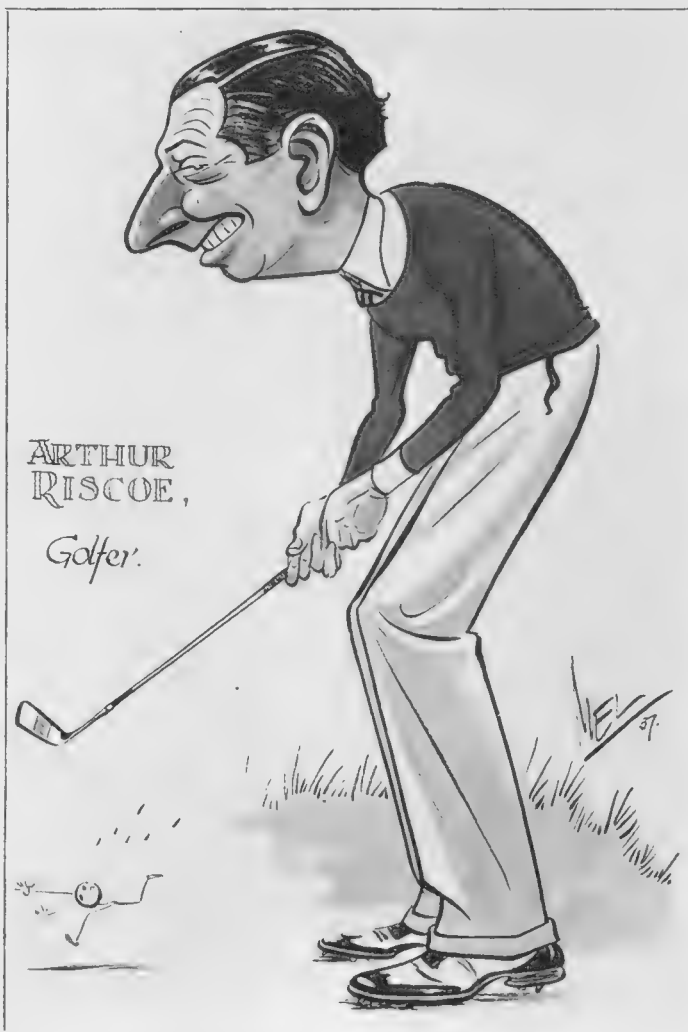
His conqueror, Frank Pennink, on the other hand, had the short game sewn up in a bag. Less impressive than Crawley through the green, he was the complete master when he got there. I cannot recall when I have seen a man hole out so consistently well. No one gets very near to those tricky holes in two; nor can any man judge his third shot on those fast and "kittle" greens to such a nicety as to leave it dead more than once in five times. The winner is the fellow who can hole the six- and eight-footers for his four. That is what Pennink did for a week. On the last day but one, his short game broke even Harry Bentley's heart and brought him at last to a standstill with a putt of ten feet on the twentieth green.

Those who make a study of the elusive art of putting will be interested to know that Pennink is a very "ordinary" putter. He has neither eccentricities nor mannerisms. He does not stand very upright and he does not crouch: his feet are neither close together nor wide apart; his grip is orthodox, with the left hand well under; and his putter is aluminium with a hickory shaft. If he went through the wriggings

and gestures and expressions of delight and disgust that characterise the efforts of some of our better-known golfers, he might have been hailed as a "Wizard of the Green." One thing, however, he has in common with nearly all great putters—he swings the club low along the ground and *very slowly*. Slowly enough, in fact, to make the whole stroke a deliberate, conscious movement. One has the impression that if he detected an error on the downward swing he would probably have time to correct it before the club reached the ball.

Another great putter is William Sutton, a victim of Pennink on his way to the final. He has a somewhat awkward, crouching stance, with the ball surprisingly far away from him (every man is a law unto himself on the putting green), but he, too, moves the club slowly and deliberately.

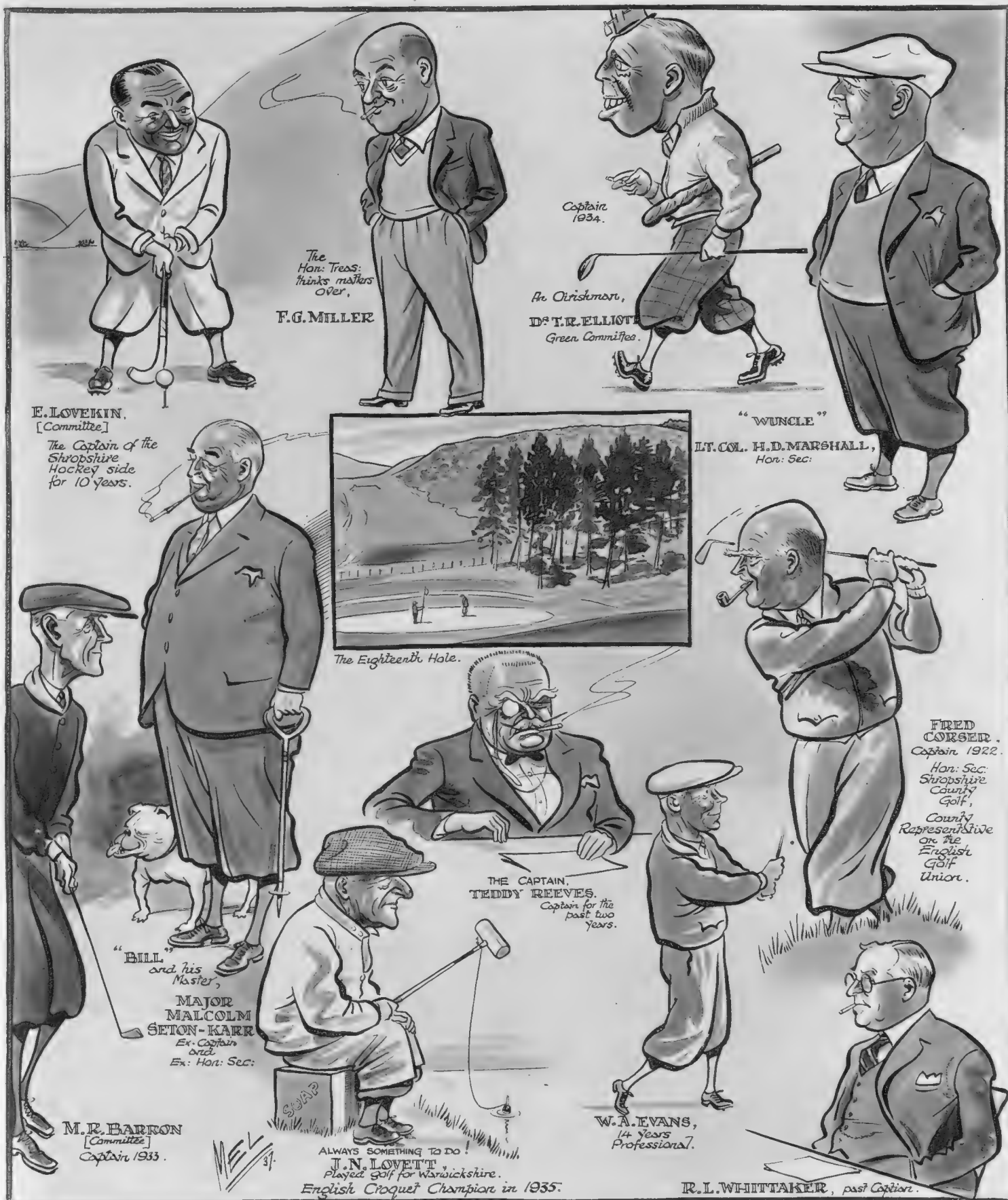
A rediscovery of the championship was Geoffrey Illingworth, for whom I shall always entertain feelings of sympathy through his having in the dim ages awarded me a golf Blue. Illingworth once played for England and has been known among his friends ever since as the "ex-International." Last week he was playing better than ever he did in those far-distant days. Maybe the "ex" will disappear after all.



The way "Mel" saw the famous actor who, in spite of what may be suggested, takes his golf quite seriously. On the stage and off it he is one of the most amusing people of his generation



# GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



## CHURCH STRETTON GOLF CLUB—BY "MEL"

Church Stretton Golf Course stands high on the ridge of the Longmynd to the west of the town, which lies some thirteen miles to the south of Shrewsbury. It is a typical hill course with the wonderful turf and infinite variety of up and down hill shots that "mountain" golf provides. The official compiler of the descriptive booklet speaks of sundry inequalities on the shoulder of Bodbury Hill which he states are by no means improbably part of the entrenchments thrown up by Ostorius Scapula in his campaign against the Silures. One assumes that the Silures won, but Ostorius might at least have replaced his divots! Caractacus had a bit of a turn-up with some Roman opponents on the Caradoc mountains which stand close by

MAY 26TH: ROYAL ASHDOWN FOREST G.C.



## IN DUBLIN

### The All-Ireland Polo Club's Good Ball



MISS CECILIA WATT AND  
MR. ANTHONY NUTTING



SIR BASIL GOULDING AND  
MISS ISABELLA CAIRNES



MISS JOY O'RORKE AND CAPTAIN  
SIR PETER GRANT-LAWSON



CAPTAIN T. A. FAIRHURST  
AND MISS SASCHA KENNY

On the eve of the opening of the polo season in the Green Isle the All-Ireland Polo Club held their Polo Ball at 80, St. Stephen's Green, by the courtesy of Lord Iveagh, whose town house this is. It was a highly successful party, in which several visitors from England participated. Mr. Anthony Nutting, youngest son of the Master of the Quorn, is seen with the niece of an Irish M.F.H., Captain A. H. Watt, of the United. Sir Basil Goulding, son of that well-known polo player, the late Sir Lingard Goulding, was a double Blue in his Oxford days; he is now one of Ireland's leading squash experts



MAJOR JOHNNIE O'RORKE AND MRS. FAIRHURST

Captain and Mrs. Tom Fairhurst are over in Ireland mainly for fishing purposes, staying with Major Johnnie O'Rourke, who has again rented the Slane Castle beat of the Boyne from Lord Conyngham. However, a dart over to Dublin for the Polo Ball fitted in well with everyone's plans. Major O'Rourke, big-game hunter and polo player as well as fisherman, never fails to see that a good time is had by his guests, and Mrs. Fairhurst, who is Sir Ernest Wills's youngest daughter, found him capital value at supper. Attractive Miss Sascha Kenny is a granddaughter of the late Mr. Justice Kenny, P.C.



MISS MOLLY BISHOP, ARTIST, AND  
MR. "KIM" MUIR, CAVALRYMAN

Miss Molly Bishop, who does such clever work for our up-to-the-minute contemporary, "The Bystander," must have found the Polo Ball a good draw if she took her pencil. Mr. "Kim" Muir, christened Kay, like his uncle, Sir Kay Muir, is in the 10th and attached to the 3rd Hussars. See top right for Major O'Rourke's daughter, Miss Joy O'Rourke, one of Ireland's best fisherwomen, with one of England's very leading G.R.s. Sir Peter Grant-Lawson, Royal Horse Guards, captained the British Army jumping team at last year's Dublin Show

Photographs: Poole, Dublin



LADY SOMERLEYTON AND HER SON,  
THE HON. RICHARD CROSSLEY

*Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street*

Lord and Lady Somerleyton, who were married in 1924, have an attractive family of three, the son in the above picture being the younger one, born in 1932. The heir, the Hon. Savile William Francis, was born in 1928, and is two years younger than the only daughter, the Hon. Mary Crossley. Lady Somerleyton is the former Miss Bridget Hoare and is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Douro Hoare, of Guessens, Welwyn. Lord Somerleyton was formerly in the 9th Lancers, and saw service in probably the most exciting moments of the Great War, the Cavalry operations of 1914



## THE LEAGUE OF MERCY CORONATION BALL IN GLASGOW

LADY MASSEREENE AND FERRARD  
AND THE EARL OF GLASGOWTHE DUKE OF MONTROSE AND  
MAJOR AND MRS. LECKIE-EWINGH.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER  
AND THE EARL OF MANSFIELDMR. E. FORTUNE, THE HON. MRS.  
ARTHUR MURRAY, AND LADY ELIBANKLORD YOUNGER OF LECKIE AND  
MARGARET, LADY FORTEVIOTCOL. CAMPBELL, LADY CASSILIS, AND  
LORD MASSEREENE AND FERRARDLADY ROWALLAN AND MR. I. G. COLLINS,  
THE FAMOUS LAWN TENNIS PLAYER

This is the season of Coronation balls, and this one in Glasgow in aid of that worthy cause the League of Mercy, was graced by H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, who wore the Scott tartan, and nobly backed up by anyone within reach, and notably by Lord Glasgow, who is always foremost in support of anything Scottish. Lord Glasgow's son-in-law, Mr. Wolfe-Murray, who is in the Black Watch, is seen in one of the bottom pictures with the Hon. Mrs. David Balfour, who is a daughter-in-law of Lord Kinross. Lord Mansfield, who is with the Duchess of Gloucester, owns historic Scone. Lord Massereene owns Knock in Mull, and Lady Cassilis, who is in the same group, married Lord Ailsa's heir. Colonel Bruce Campbell of Arduaine, who is with them, was formerly in the Scottish Horse and now commands the 8th Battalion A. and S. Highlanders. Lady Elibank is with her sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Murray; the Duke of Montrose, owner of Buchanan Castle, is seen talking to Major and Mrs. Leckie-Ewing, one of whose kinsmen is in the H.L.I.; and Lady Rowallan is with the Wimbledon star, Mr. I. G. Collins, son of the famous publisher. Lady Forteviot, who is with Lord Younger, is the widow of the late peer, the former Sir John Dewar

THE HON. MRS. DAVID BALFOUR AND  
MR. MALCOLM WOLFE-MURRAY



BOW · WOW

TO YOU !



BLACK AND WHITE—MAC AND JIMMY  
(OWNED BY MR. GORDON HARKER)



BONZO  
(OWNED BY MISS KAY HAMMOND)



CHANG, BOZO, AND PRINCE  
(OWNED BY MR. LUPINO LANE)



BETSY  
(OWNED BY MISS DOROTHY DIX)



"THE BOYS" FRA' ABERDEEN  
(OWNED BY MISS JANE CARR)



PEG  
(OWNED BY MISS OLGA LINDO)

All these attractive gentlemen and ladies are friends of the friends of all of us, the actors and actresses in many departments of the Art. One of them, Peg, owned by Miss Olga Lindo, can claim to be a member of the profession, as she has appeared in many productions with her mistress and no doubt acquitted herself nobly. By breed she is a Maltese terrier. Mr. Gordon Harker is a Londoner "and proud of it," but his patriotism permits him to own a gentleman from the far North and allows him to take part in a picture with Jimmy, an obvious Southron. Miss Kay Hammond's Bonzo is a Sealyham, which the original Bonzo was not. Anyway, he is very attractive and answers to the word of command, "'Shun!" most admirably. It is rather difficult to say which of Mr. Lupino Lane's mixed pack we like best. It is a happy instance of a moment when East meets West. Miss Dorothy Dix's Betsy looks a pure Sealyham of Sealyham, but they say she is not quite. The picture catalogue is well completed by Miss Jane Carr's two Scottish laddies. A most intriguing gallery, as even the captious will admit

Photos.: The Touring Camera



ENTERTAINMENTS à la  
CARTE*Little Man,  
What Next?*TOM  
TITTPRELUDE TO HANGOVER: ALEXANDER  
ARCHDALE, MARGOT LANDA, ANNA  
KONSTAM, RICHARD BIRDEVER-LOVING WIFE:  
HELEN HORSEY

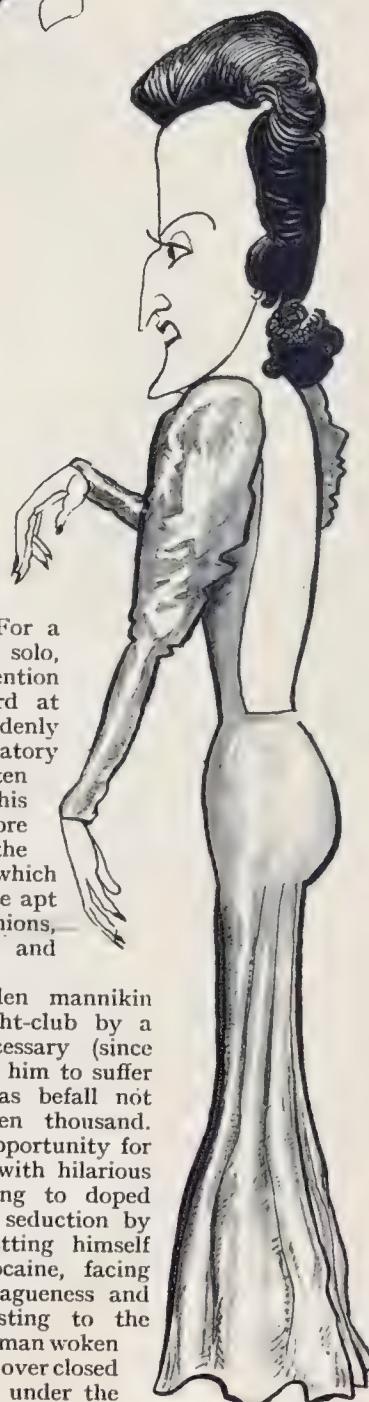
man is Henson, Howes, Truex, Chaplin (of course), and the rest who continue, in the cause of public laughter, to suffer the gin slings and broad arrows of outrageous fortune. He

THEY work the Little Man harder than anybody else in the world of popular entertainment: harder than the hard-boiled virgin, the daring young man on the modern trapeze, the suave criminal, the thin man, the fat sleuth, the dithering mother and the erratic, alluring aunt. The little man is Mr. Deeds, despite the height of Gary Cooper. In *Night Alone* Richard Bird does him, I believe, for the first time; and he decorates him with so much detail that he has brought success to a play which is itself only a little one.

This nice little man, a provincial solicitor, does next to nothing without an ever-loving wife: and when they come to London their diversions are the Flower Show and *Rigoletto*. Mr. Bird's talent for detail gets its full chance when he is

left for a solitary evening, in their Hotel Splendid, with *David Copperfield* and *The Times* cross-word puzzle. For a quarter of an hour he is able, solo, to keep chuckles and attention going strong. Looking hard at himself in the mirror, he suddenly makes one of those exclamatory noises which solitary men often do make; and the rest of this single turn mirrors, with no more than a touch of exaggeration, the odd and fractious things which restless people, when alone, are apt to do with chairs, cushions, chocolates, stray drinks, and toying with the telephone.

When the mild, wife-ridden mannikin has been tempted to a night-club by a fellow-townsmen, it is necessary (since humour thrives on agony) for him to suffer horrendous adventures such as befall not one night-club casual in ten thousand. Richard Bird seizes further opportunity for quickening lively misfortune with hilarious detail, whether in succumbing to doped drink, failing to succumb to seduction by an Austrian adventuress, getting himself saddled with a cargo of cocaine, facing brutal detectives with coy vagueness and diffident goodwill, or suggesting to the drunken life the sensations of a man woken up by a syphon-stream sprayed over closed eyelids. About to be charged under the Dangerous Drugs Act, he babbles to a



BERYL MEASON



JOHN TURNBULL

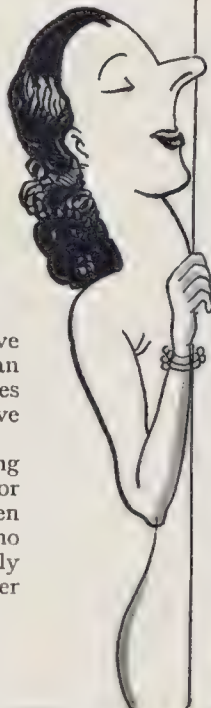


police-superintendent about greenhouses and family concord, and goes into a fine frenzy of longing for release in time not to be missed by the ever-loving wife. Back with his Barbara, not a minute too soon, he lies like an anxious apprentice to the craft of lying, and gives to the taking of his temperature more than the amount of masculine absurdity usual to that stock device of farce.

This comedy-farce at the Duke of York's ripples along, and is very easy to laugh at so long as Mr. Bird is present to enact the humours of husbandry and the pathos of hangovers. In point of fact, he is present three-quarters of the time: it is all but a one-man show about a professional husband, and its persuasiveness says something for the versatility of an actor whose best earlier performance was as protagonist of the dominant male. Nevertheless, Helen Horsey is able to stamp with smooth distinction her performance of the little man's wife, and Margot Landa to give a tang to the seductive Austrian. John Turnbull does a useful sketch of the superintendent; and the same can be said of Hugh Metcalfe's detective and a testy old gentleman by Julian Somers. Basil Cunard deftly trebles the rôles of barber, assistant-detective and white-tied oaf.

I trust and assume that a passing cold must have been responsible for the fact that on the evening when I saw this play, Beryl Meason, who is otherwise pungent and consistently entertaining, spoke as though her mouth harboured a large prune.

A. B.



MOLLIE HALLEWELL, MEGGIE EATON, DICK MONTAGUE, JOHN STEVENS

ROUND ABOUT REVUEDEVILLE: MARIE THE BEAUTIFUL VEIL-SHEDDER, ERIC WOODBURN, ERIC BARKER, GUS

### Baring All in Windmill Street

The pretty pictures on this page derive from the ninety-first edition of what is called "Revue-deville" at the little Windmill Theatre. Among those who figure in them, Eric Barker should be singled out as a comedian who could make his mark in any musical or non-musical comedy this side of Chekov: his sense of satire is so keen that it can slice anything pompous into little pieces. Among those not included, Miss Paddy Browne, *diseuse*, gives bright life even to the trite old theme of pity-the-poor-little-glamorous-mannequin. And Marie of the Seven Veils, whose right half appears in the top left corner, is evidently "box-office." She winds herself out of two, or maybe three, of her veils; does some body-movements that just manage faintly to imitate the *danse du ventre* of the Ouled Nâil; daintily drops another veil or two; wriggles some more; holds the last bit of covering politely over her mezzanine and first floors; sits down, casts off the ultimate veil and Bares All for the two ticks before they black her out. It is all very innocuous and naïve; and Marie has the right figure for it, although as dancer she would win no sort of prize. There is further *nudismus* in Windmill Street: when they show an Enchanted Fountain, members of a shapely chorus do the undraped statues; and for a scene in Hyde Park, it is the riders (not horses) that have nude flanks, while nursemaids display bosoms nude except for straps that refrain from covering the *points d'appui*. I record no more than fact in saying that the ratio of men to women in our audience was 15 to 1. For the rest, the chorus-work never flags in this non-stop show; the lively dresses bother hardly at all about the niceties of period-effect; Alec Shaw is a genius at bird-noises; and Eric Woodburn puts so much frenzy into the song about Napoleonic hussars, dragoons and guardsmen that one expects him to end by chewing up the back-cloth.

A. B.



## Priscilla in Paris

**T**RÈS CHER,—Heaven (if it concerns itself with me, and this is doubtful) knows that I am not a high-brow; on the other hand, I am not entirely a nitwit. Let us say that, despite a shocking school record of laziness, I have managed to acquire, during my long and varied career, quite a small amount of knowledge about things that do not really concern me, for I have the female gift of assimilation and a moderate amount of intelligence. What I lack most, however, is the power of concentrating on anything that does not particularly interest me, or, in other words, anything that I really ought to know. . . . And therefore, when I was roped in to attend a lecture at the Sorbonne the other evening, I prayed that my seat might be in a dark corner where I might nod unseen. A series of late nights had made my wits woolly, and I knew that I didn't care two hoots whether Germany gets its Colonial backyards to play in or not. At least, I thought I didn't care before the lecture started—but I had counted without the lecturer!

What the Hon. L. S. Amery, former Colonial Minister—and who was such a Big, Big Noise at the Admiralty during the war—doesn't know about the question could be engraved on a pin-head with a road-breaker's drill, and his thrilling way of imparting the gist of his knowledge was such that even an ignoramus like myself was able to pick up some wisdom. At least, I like to think I did! I felt no desire to nod, and, judging by the enthusiasm with which he was greeted, that punctuated his speech, and that saluted its close, Mr. Amery's arguments and eloquence must have touched both the brain and the heart of every listener in the big auditorium. Usually in the world of humans it is the female of the species that wears the brighter and lovelier plumage, but on this occasion we were in afternoon dress, and, despite whole packs of silver foxes (do foxes run in packs?), our Best Blacks put up a poor show against the brilliant uniforms and marvellous jewels (if you prefer "medals," have it your own way) of the mere males. The band of one of the Colonial regiments (don't ask me which; somebody pinched my programme early in the evening and I never know the difference between a Zouave and a Spahi) played the "Marseillaise" and "God Save the King," so that everything was heart-warmingly *Entente Cordiale*, which always makes me purr with joy.

I came across an old friend at this affair—Dr. Michel Cohendy, the great tum-tum specialist who is so famous for his research work at the Pasteur Institute, and who has the right to add C.B.E. to all the other letters of the medical alphabet after his name. He has just returned from a lecture tour in India, where, if I may believe the snapshots that his wife showed me, he was fêted wherever he went. They "said it with flowers," and, though he was delighted with his reception, Mme. Cohendy seemed to have something on her mind. At length she out-ed with it: "It was those marigold wreaths," she complained, "they stain so! They ruined four white duck and three shantung suits!" I suggested that when he returns next year he might wear a little waterproof jacket, such as acrobats don when they carry their partners on their shoulders. Meanwhile, Dr. Cohendy is lecturing on his travels at the Salle Gaveau early in May before going to Vichy, where his summer headquarters are.

I seem to remember, Très Cher, that some little time ago there appeared on this page a photograph of the artist J.-D. van Caulaert, taken at his studio and showing his



Lipnitzki

### IN "LES TROIS VALSES": YVONNE PRINTEMPS IN THE GARB OF 1900

A new picture of Yvonne Printemps as she appears, in the costume of 1900, in the operetta "Les Trois Valses," at the Théâtre des Bouffes Parisiens. The music is by the "three Strausses" (Johann Strauss, father and son, and Oscar Straus). Pierre Fresnay plays opposite Yvonne, who in this play is at her most enchanting



T. Piaz, Paris

### A DISEUSE OF THE FRENCH STAGE: YVONNE LEGEAY

Mlle. Yvonne Legeay is the well-known realistic *diseuse* who has appeared in so many revues in Paris, and is one of the pillars of the Concert Mayol

portrait of the *diseuse* Lys Gauty, as well as the sitter herself and the artist's lovely wife. You will be able to see M. van Caulaert's work in London, for he is having a show at the Cooling Gallery, which opened on May 10. One of the features of this exhibition is his portrait of the lovely and gracious Queen Astrid that was done very shortly before her tragic death. As well as other portraits, flower pieces, and various studies, I hope he will also exhibit some of his black-and-white work, for his morning-after-the-first-night-before sketches are eagerly awaited in the Paris Press. M. van Caulaert is a Belgian, and pays frequent visits to his native land, but he has made his home in Paris, and invitations to his studio parties are eagerly sought for. The gate-crashers victimise him, but you know how hospitable Belgians are, and he allows himself to be imposed upon with equanimity.

You have your Coronation-and-all-that rehearsals in London, but it looks very much as if, in Paris, the powers that be are trying,

at long last, to rehearse some of the effects of floodlighting with which they hope to dazzle foreign and provincial visitors when they come over for the some-day-to-be-finished Exposition! If what I saw last night is a sample, they ought to succeed; I was quite dazzled myself. The try-out took place in my beloved Place du Carrousel, and the whole of the exterior of the Louvre Palace was floodlit with silver beams, while the tall windows of the rooms that are now open to the public at night shone as if the place was filled with golden sunshine, and it was really very lovely. — PRISCILLA.



## FORCES FOR COURSES

At a New Restaurant



AT L'ECU DE FRANCE: LADY MILFORD  
HAVEN AND MR. JOE GOLDMAN



MRS. CRAWFORD SAT NEXT TO LORD  
MILFORD HAVEN



MR. P. E. SANDLANDS, K.C., AND MME.  
SENDER, WIFE OF "MINE HOST"

A new gastronomic rendezvous is always an event, and the opening of L'Ecu de France saw a very smart gathering in Jermyn Street not long ago. This restaurant, like its much-frequented counterpart in Paris, is sponsored by M. Jean Sender, ironmaster by profession and *bon viveur* by choice. He and Mme. Sender were there to greet first-night guests, who included Mr. P. E. Sandlands, the K.C., Lord and Lady Milford Haven, and Mr. "Joe" Goldman, whose garden at Mougins, near Cannes, is famous



MR. HUGH WALPOLE AND MR.  
VYVYAN HOLLAND (RIGHT)

Literary gourmets were well represented, and M. Sender had carefully arranged that a masculine contingent should have a long table all to themselves. Mr. Hugh Walpole has as fine an appreciation of culinary subtleties as he has of the discriminating tastes of Book Society members

MRS. C. R. FAIREY AND SIR FRANCIS  
SHELMERDINE

At the Nigel Normans' table on the opening night of L'Ecu de France. Mrs. Fairey, whose marriage to the yacht and aircraft expert took place three years ago, is a daughter of Mr. Stephen Whitney. Lt.-Col. Sir Francis Sheldermine, Director of Civil Aviation, was in the Green Howards before joining the R.A.F. He has held his present important post since 1934



LADY SHELMERDINE AND MR. C. R. FAIREY

Sir Francis Sheldermine's wife is Gloucestershire-born, being the eldest daughter of the late Mr. James Haskins, of Warmley Towers. Mr. Charles Fairey, who has done so much for the good name of British aerial endeavour, was educated at Merchant Taylors and has twice been President of the Royal Aeronautical Society. He is famous in yacht-racing circles. Mrs. Jocelyn Abel-Smith is Colonel Bertram Abel-Smith's daughter-in-law, and a Leicestershire well-known. After years of distinguished work, that exceedingly popular Civil Servant Sir "Eddie" Marsh has now retired into private life



MRS. JOCELYN ABEL-SMITH AND  
MR. WILLOUGHBY NORMAN



MR. FRANCIS MEYNELL, PUBLICIST,  
AND SIR "EDDIE" MARSH



## AT PUNCHESTOWN, IRELAND'S PREMIER 'CHASE MEETING



SIR BASIL GOULDING AND MRS. JOHN ROBERTS SMILING IN THE RAIN



LORD AND LADY KILDARE TOOK THINGS MUCH MORE SERIOUSLY



MRS. BOWES DALY AND CAPTAIN DENIS DALY IN THE ENCLOSURE



THE HON. EDWARD ("TOBY") GREENALL AND HIS WIFE



MAJOR EDWARD CONOLLY, LADY SYLVIA MAITLAND AND HER FIANCÉ, LORD CAREW



MR. W. T. COSGRAVE WITH MRS. A. H. CONNELL

The Kildare and National Hunt Meeting at Punchestown—most famous of all Irish courses, where only the boldest and best of leppers can hope for success—opened in showery weather, but easily lived up to its great reputation. These pictures were taken on the first day, when the Maiden Plate, won by Mr. M. A. Joyce on his Green Rushes, was the big event. Lady Kildare (who was Miss Joane McMorrough Kavanagh before her marriage, last October, to the Duke of Leinster's heir) lately registered her racing colours and ran her Markalla in this four-mile 'chase. Lord Kildare has just taken on the Joint-Mastership of the North Kilkenny with Mr. Prior Wandesford. Other Joint-M.F.H.s present included went over to Ireland on purpose for the meeting, where the Hon. Mrs. Greenall's all-white, pseudo-Esquimaux outfit, which was completed by large ivory ear-rings, created quite a stir. Lady Sylvia Maitland's fiancé, Lord Carew, is Irish by descent, though he now lives in London. Mr. Cosgrave, ex-President of the Irish Free State, is a keen racing man and likes going hunting, too. Sir Basil Goulding is one of Ireland's best squash players, Mrs. Bowes Daly's husband is Joint-Master of the Blazers, and Major Edward Conolly, whose ancestor, Squire Conolly, was one of the founders of Punchestown, is an enthusiastic supporter of any kind of sport. He is seen with Sir Francis Brooke's niece





## "THE PROSPECT OF WHITBY"

IN THE SHADWELL DISTRICT

By S. R. BADMIN

This famous old down river inn is approached by land by crossing entrances to the Shadwell Basin. Its front door opens on to Wapping Wall. Local tradition says the place was going strong in the 18th century and tells stories of pirates having been hanged there, but this seems to confuse the place with Execution Dock, which was a little higher upstream. This was where the luckless Captain Kidd was hanged as a pirate, which, incidentally, he never was. "The Prospect of Whitby" has been known of recent years to the Chelsea art world, and sometimes a motor craft will descend the river to find that the tide is low, which entails a delicate picking of the way over mud and gravel to the river stairs



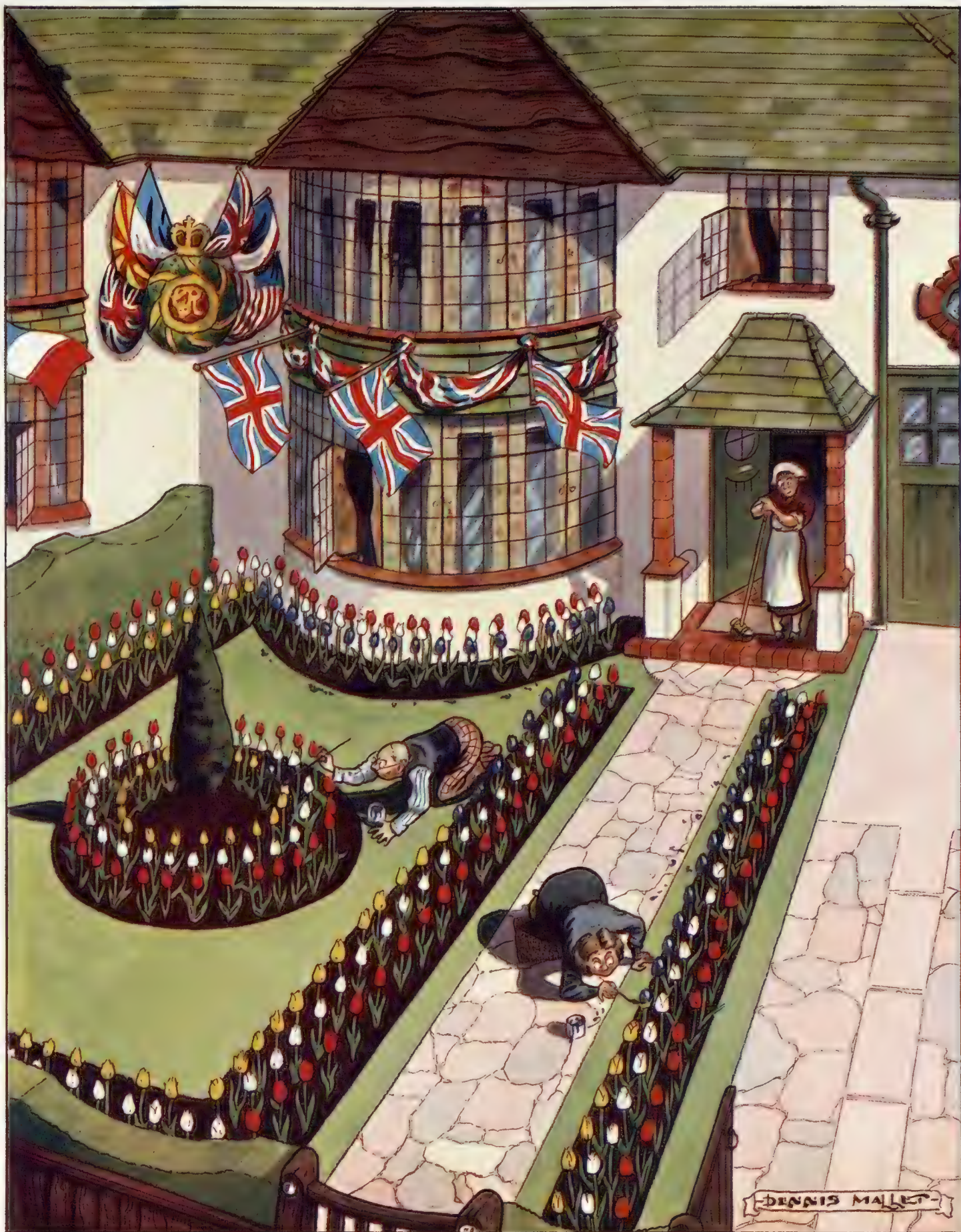


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A COPY OF THIS PICTURE CAN BE OBTAINED (POST FREE) ON APPLICATION TO DEPT. T., THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD., ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1, C.F.H.





## GILDING THE LILY

or

TRUE PATRIOTISM AT "THE NOOK"

By

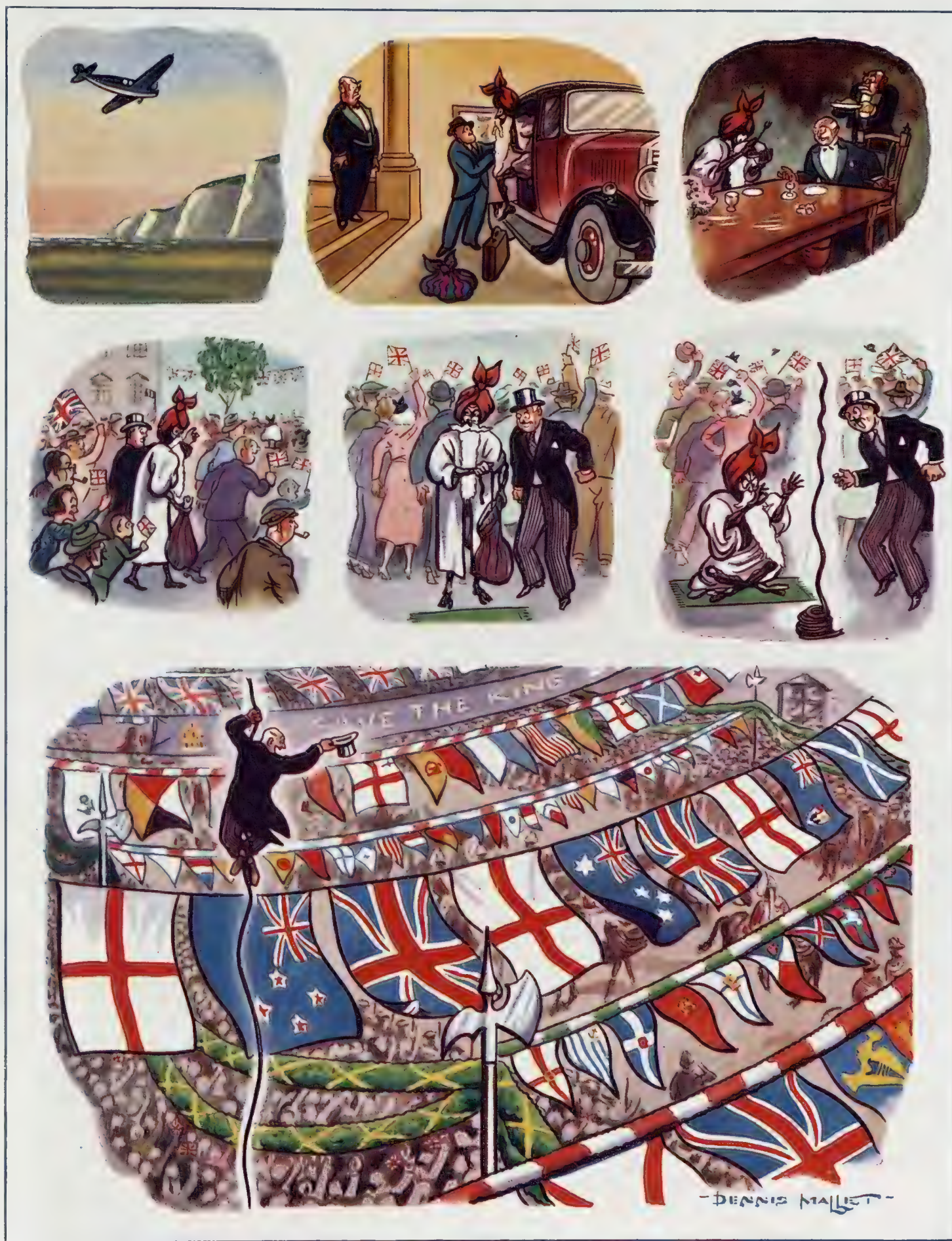
DENNIS MALLET





THE MAN WHO WAS ABSOLUTELY DETERMINED





TO SEE THE CORONATION PROCESSION



# The CORONATION CHAMPION



"If any person, of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay...."

So began the historic four-hundred-year old challenge of the English King's Champion.

The last occasion on which it was heard was at the Coronation Banquet of King George IV in 1821.

At that date the House of Seager had already been established as

Distillers for sixteen years. The traditional excellence and perfect purity of their Gin remains unchallenged and its Champions are legion.

All who taste it know that its quality is as irreproachable to-day as it was yesterday—and as it will be to-morrow.

# SEAGERS GIN

The spirit of to-day- and to-morrow

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THE HOUSE OF SEAGER

ESTABLISHED 1805

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FOR OVER 130 YEARS





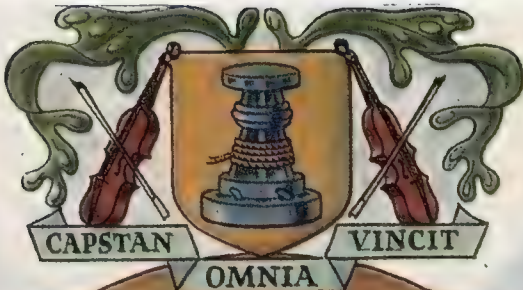


## THE TRAINING SHIP *H.M.S. WORCESTER*

By CHARLES PEARS, R.O.I.

H.M.S. "Worcester" is one of the last and few survivors of the old "stick-and-string" days still remaining in Admiralty hands. She lies now by Greenhithe and aboard her the young generation are trained to the sea. She is loaned by the Admiralty to the Incorporated Thames Nautical Training College, a body controlled by an honorary board of those who have our sea welfare at heart. From her, about 70 boys a year are passed out to seafaring, most of them going to the Merchant Service and a few to the Royal Navy. You cannot make a seaman ashore, and though a ship be old as this ancient man-of-war she is still a ship while she floats. Even at permanent moorings she is still alive, an individual living thing: nowhere on still, lifeless land can a man be trained to love, to cherish and to work a ship rightly so well as aboard her. This week *Worcester* looks down from her towering height on lean, low, deadly destroyers anchored near by. In her day their work was done by sloops but, with sea warfare at 35 knots and over, her fighting days are no more than a dream. Yet still she serves, and serves well





# CAPSTAN SHANTIES XVII

Oh, what's in your locker to-night, Davy Jones?  
*Dead men's dollars and dead men's bones.*  
 And what will you put there as soon as you can?  
*Your bones too, my pretty young man.*  
 And when we are ghosts, shall we smoke and drink?  
*Ay, all night long your cans shall clink.*  
 Then, Davy Jones, if it comes to the worst,  
 Pray give me good rum to quench my thirst;  
 And if you'd make me your grateful debtor  
 Better buy Capstan (they're blended better).

Written by their  
 Ballad-Monger-in-Ordinary  
 and issued by  
**W. D. & H. O. Wills**  
 MAKERS OF CAPSTAN CIGARETTES

SAYER

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. CC.568.





THE DAY'S END: A SCENE ON AN ENGLISH CANAL

G. L. Wakefield

At the end of a day of leisurely progress the bargee brings his unwieldy craft to the bank to tie up for the night. With a pole he pushes her close to the shore and makes all fast. Soon the smell of cooking of good, honest, homely fare will float on the evening breeze and he and his family will settle down to their supper under the stars, in the silence of the countryside, with only the occasional plop of a water-vole to break the stillness. Though the progress of the clumsy, gaily-painted barges may be leisurely, their crews work long hours, and a surprising amount of England's internal carrying trade depends on their efforts



## Pictures in the Fire



## AN INTER-COLONIAL TENNIS MEETING: NIGERIA v. GOLD COAST

Nigeria beat Gold Coast by 6-3 at the Lagos Lawn Tennis Club recently. It was an affair of doubles, each pair playing the opposing colony's three pairs in turn.

The names are: Standing—Kay, Hardy, Pullan, Barmby, Carruthers, Gorman, Sabine (spare man, Gold Coast). Seated: Brown, McDonald (Capt., Nigeria), Conway (Capt., Gold Coast), Hayward, Mead and Feeney. (Initials, unfortunately, are unknown)

## A Health Unto His Majesty!

ON this Day of all days in The Calendar of our times, we shall all do our best, no doubt, to give the world a full assurance that England is still Merrie England and that, whatever other nations may think of us and our starchy, stand-offish ways, we can unbend a bit if, and when, we get the necessary encouragement. It is, admittedly, the era of perches and poles and rods and pokers (down our backs), and so many of us think it is hardly respectable to come off those roosting-places for which England is supposed to be so exclusively renowned. It is quite true that we think it rather rude to speak unless we are spoken to, and that we would rather go without a match, or the salt or the mustard, than ask for them from someone to whom we have not been introduced. But upon such an auspicious and gladsome occasion as this present one, I think I may assure all the unfortunate persons who are merely foreigners that we really have a genuine desire to be as un-English—if they catch our meaning?—as it is possible to be.

Usually we are rude not only to those poor foreigners, but also to our fellow-

Britishers, and take a positive delight in being icily regular and splendidly null. If we don't like the cut of a chap's jib, don't we let him know it (without uttering a single word!); if we hate his hat or his trousers or his boots or his breeches, if he has a stripe on his tie that is not one of those of which we think we ought to approve, how perfectly obnoxious we can be! Look how rude Eton can be to Harrow and Harrow can

be to Eton, and how nasty both of them are to Winchester! Hark how a sailor will call another sailor a "soldier" if he wants to be specially acid! But to-day I really honestly believe that we shall try to be quite pleasant, or at any rate fairly affable. This, I understand, is the generally expressed desire, and if we do not completely succeed I do hope that visitors, and all other strange



## IN NEW YORK: MISS GRACE MOORE AND MR. FRANK REDIKER

Miss Grace Moore, the sweet singer of the films, was holidaying in New York and was supping at El Morocco when the camera found her



Aberly

## A VERITABLE KING OF FISH

Dr. and Mrs. W.G. Thompson with the 41-lb. salmon Dr. Thompson killed in the Lion Hotel waters of the River Wye at Llanfarred, near Builth. This magnificently conditioned fish, caught with a plug bait, took 1½ hours to bring to the gaff, a battle and a trophy to stir any keen angler to new thrills of emulation



Howard Barrett

## AT THE RUFFORD POINT-TO-POINT

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. E. Denison and Miss Susan Hambro and Lady Lincoln at the Bolham Fields course, near Retford, where these 'chases were run. Mrs. Denison, who is a kinswoman of Lord Amherst, was third on her own Shady Girl in the Members' Chase. Lady Lincoln is an American, she married the Duke of Newcastle's heir in 1931



## By "SABRETACHE"



Bassano

## MR. AND MRS. SOMERSET DE CHAIR

Mr. Somerset de Chair is the son of Admiral Sir Dudley de Chair, a former Governor of New South Wales. Mr. de Chair is Member for South-West Norfolk and an author; his new book, "Red Tie in the Morning," has just appeared under Hutchinson's imprint

persons to whom we are inclined to be sniffy, will try to understand that we are doing our best, poor as it may be.

\* \* \*

In the Good Old

Days they understood roystering much better, and did not mind being even a bit vulgar if necessary; but we have rather ditched all that kind of behaviour, which may or may not be a good egg, as one might say. Upon an occasion like this seven or eight hundred years ago, or even less than that, perchance, they would most certainly have had some jousts and a quarter-staff contest for the lower orders, clowns and varlets and such-like: there might even have been Free Fights For All,

with no entertainment tax. The Knight of the Red Lawns, the Sir Shropshire Pippis of the period, was always grassed and carried out for dead by his esquires, after a lance v. lance scrap with Sir Balindwin of the White Lawns, who always won with his ears cocked, in spite of Sir Shropshire having "gan to rese so the wode wolf." Sir Balindwin, as you may remember, was a master of the "dolorous stroke." All the Touchstones (Society smarties) had full licence to bounce about



Bothwell

## THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, M.F.H., AT HIS EARTH-STOPPERS' DINNER

A pleasant interlude for "Master" in the midst of the Coronation bustle. The dinner was held at Sutton Benger, and the names in front are: J. Hunt, who has been to forty of these dinners, F. Brown, the huntsman; his Grace, Captain F. F. Spicer, Joint-Master, and Charles Reynolds, who was at his forty-sixth annual dinner

belting people over the head with even more inflated bladders than they do to-day—and they were *never* lagged for slander or even common assault.

The Soothsayers (the Three-Card Trick merchants and Share-Pushers of those jolly times) drove a simply roaring trade without any nasty, nosey people getting on their tails. All musicians were allowed to make even more horrible noises than those which nowadays excite the perfectly just ire of our Sir Orpheus Teechem. There was *panem*, also *circenses*, for all; free Sack and Malvoisie and a bottle of rum, or mead, on every man's chest. Heralds, who were not everyone's dog, because, quite often, they had something unpleasant to announce, were quite well treated—so much so, in fact, that in the end they could not blow their own trumpets.

Everything was so matey that total strangers stood the most unpopular of Seneschals (who in those times were a cross between a chef and a Chief Justice) as much as they could hold. The Watch joined in the revelry and never said a cross word even when heavily bonneted; the Halberdiers got a double ration of British beef, and their Black Jacks, which they tilted with their elbows, were kept full to the brim by the vintners' assistants; and, finally, Sir Pomponius Ego shook three fingers instead of his customary two with even persons who were only Who's-Whoers, his rule being only to nod to people who were not exactly quite. In fact, all was beans, bonhomie and benevolence, with everyone with a smile on him like a crack in a pie. It is not suggested that we have forgotten how to royster, but meaning it or not as we may, we have acquired that up the pole or perch habit and find it very painful to flutter down to the common earth.

(Continued on page xvi)



Howard Barrett

## ANOTHER RUFFORD GROUP

Some more of the people who congregated at Bolham Fields, and the names are: left to right—Lord Gillford, who is Lord Clanwilliam's only son, Lady Anne Cavendish-Bentinck, one of the M.F.H.s (Lord Titchfield's daughter), Lord Morven Cavendish-Bentinck, Miss B. Grosvenor and the Duchess of Portland, the Master's mother



## IN NEW YORK: MR. AND MRS. JAMES CROMWELL AND MR. J. HEARST (CENTRE)

Mrs. Cromwell was Miss Doris Duke, "the world's richest girl," and she was at the Waldorf Astoria for the Burlesque Ball given for Miss Elsa Maxwell





BETTY STOCKFELD—TWO RECENT AND ATTRACTIVE STUDIES

T. Piaz, Paris

Betty Stockfeld, as so many of us know, is the young English actress who became a star of brilliance in the film-land of France and has also won laurels in that medium and on the stage on her own side of the Channel. It is related that she has just turned down a starring part opposite Eric Von Stroheim to go on the London stage. Miss Stockfeld will appear in the part of a Secretary in the play, "Ladies and Gentlemen," which is due to open in Coronation week (May 18th) at the Strand Theatre. Her last English film, "Secretary in Trouble," was recently completed. Her opposite number was Romney Brent

THE editor of a newspaper was annoyed with one of his country correspondents because the man always left out names in his stories. He wrote the correspondent to say that if he neglected this important detail in his next dispatch he would be sacked.

A few days later the editor received the following story from the country:

"A severe storm passed over the village this afternoon, and lightning struck a farm belonging to Charles Jones, killing three cows, their names being Betty, Maudie, and Buttercup."

"Bobby," said mother, as her small son came into the room, "are you sure you washed your face? It doesn't look like that when I wash it."

"Well, mother," replied Bobby, "if I rubbed it as hard as you do, I'd push myself over."

## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A clergyman had been displeased for some time with the quality of the milk he received each day. At length he decided to remonstrate with his milkman.

"I've been wanting to see you about the quality of the milk with which you are serving me," he began sternly.

"Yes, sir," replied the milkman, looking a little uneasy.

"I only wanted to say," continued the minister, "that I use the milk for drinking purposes exclusively, and not for christening."

"Am I speaking to Mr. P. Alexis Wifflebotham?" came a voice over the telephone.

"You are," replied the voice at the other end.

"I've been looking through the telephone directory for an unusual name for my guinea-pig, but I thought it only polite to ask your permission before I christen it."

The motorist had been charged with speeding in a built-up area.

"I certainly was not speeding," he said in his defence, "although I may have been travelling at more than thirty miles an hour."

"I'll accept your explanation," said the magistrate, adding with a smile, "and instead of fining you two pounds, I'll make it forty shillings."

Two local teams were playing a cricket match, and a well-known county batsman promised his services. There was a tremendous attendance to see the crack batsman perform.

He came in, let drive at the first ball and missed, whereupon the wicket-keeper

whipped off the bails and yelled: "Howzat?"

The umpire shook his head, although it was obvious many thought the batsman should have been given "out."

Three times during the over the same thing happened, and each time the wicket-keeper shouted "Howzat?"

The last time, the umpire went up to the stumper.

"Not h'out," he said. "And lookee here, it's 'im they've all paid to watch, not thee."

"Sambo," said the judge sternly, "you are found guilty of having stolen two chickens last week. The fine will be five dollars."

Smiling broadly, Sambo approached the clerk of the court and laid a ten-dollar bill on the desk.

"Yassuh, judge," he said happily, "an' Ah will give you ten dollars, which will pay up to an' including nex' Sattidy night."





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plaited straw has smooth  
white wings twisted and  
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# POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

only one of many seasons, incidentally, in which things have been knocked endways by the rain: (1) the 2nd International, held up from June 13 to June 20; (2) the Inter-Regimental final, played in a deluge and on a ground that was treacherous—three ponies down, no one hurt, by good luck; (3) the Varsity match, much the same conditions; (4) the Ranelagh Open, badly hampered, same cause; and (5) Military Handicap Tournament at Roehampton, ditto. These are only some main events, but the rain put everything out, including the large body of enthusiasts who look on. If this is not good enough corroborative testimony, I do not know what is. It has to be borne in mind that we have only May, June, and July, and a small lap-over into August, for all the big events in London, and if rain cuts out the whole of one of three months, where are we?

It is probably quite unnecessary to announce that all the grounds at Hurlingham, Ranelagh and Roehampton are looking "lovely and green"! There has been rain

enough to grow grass in a brick. It is also unnecessary to say that the staff work at all these places will be as good as ever, because the same experts are still at the tiller in all three spots. We have Major the Hon. Jack Astor as the C.-in-C. as before, and Lieut.-Col. R. G. Ritson, the chairman of the Hurlingham Polo Committee, upon which I feel most people will be glad to see one new name in particular—that of Lord Louis Mountbatten, the O.C. that fine Royal Navy team which so nearly did the trick in last year's Inter-Regimental. As to other strong points in the administration side, we have Lieut.-Col. J. R. C. Gannon, backed by Brigadier Willie Anderson, at Hurlingham; Captain Gill carrying on gallantly at storm-tossed Ranelagh, which goes on as a polo club whatever else may happen; and Lieut.-Col. Charles Lister at Roehampton, he, incidentally, having been a unit of the almost unconquerable 17/21st Lancer combination, his own mother regiment being the 21st (of Omdurman). So that side of things is all as we could wish it; and so, for that matter, is the supply of battle formations, but no one can get to wind'ard of this demn'd damp, moist and unpleasant person

(Continued on page xiv)



Pooler, Dublin

## POLO OPENS IN DUBLIN

The Collinstown team at the All-Ireland club ground in Phoenix Park, taken just after they had had a bit of stick and ball practice. The names are (left to right) Mr. P. McCann, Major T. W. Kirkwood, Major Johnnie O'Rorke and Mr. D. Harvey—a newcomer to Irish polo this season

IF one thing decides to aid and abet, instead of hinder, as it did last year, this Coronation polo season should be a very good one indeed, even though there is no International contest in the menu. The "one thing" is naturally the rain. Last summer we were soured more often than not; it has hardly stopped raining and snowing all through the winter; the spring has been much of the same pattern; we still hear of floods, and of one hunting country, in which arable predominates, being so saturated as to make it doubtful whether the land will ever again be of any use for cultivation. All this does not beget confidence, and when, therefore, we speak of an "if," it is obvious that we have every reason. All that we can do in such circumstances is to hope for the best whilst fearing the worst.

Things were so bad last season that I ventured to resuscitate a suggestion for an all-weather ground in London, a scheme which was first put forward in these notes about ten years ago. When out of 76 possible playing days we only get 44, and important fixtures are interfered with right, left, and centre, it seems as if the time had arrived for such a suggestion to be taken very seriously. I do not propose to recapitulate the details, but the rough outline for an all-weather ground is one built on the same principle as the sand-gallops in Australia and India—sand on top with a solid flooring below. The more it rains the better the sand binds. It is by no means an ideal surface to gallop over, as a good many of us who have ridden races on it in India know, but it is a standby, and polo could be played on it when it would be quite impossible upon grass. Why should not the three London clubs put their pennies into one hat and turn this new ground at Wimbledon into an all-weather one? The initial outlay is the first and last cost, for a motor-roller does the rest.

If it is not considered worth the money and the trouble, take a look at these few facts *vis-à-vis* the 32 days of which we were deprived last season,



LORD RODERIC PRATT

A snapshot at the Cirencester ground. Lord Roderic Pratt, Lord Camden's younger son, was recently playing for the Cardswell Manor team at the Beaufort Hunt P.C. Spring tournament



THE LIFE GUARDS TEAM WIN THE UNWIN CUP

A picture taken just after they had beaten The Greys 10½ (rec. 1½) to 10 for the Unwin Cup at the Beaufort Hunt P.C. Spring Tournament. The handicap worked out pretty close and it was a good game. The team was: Mr. G. H. Lowther, Mr. J. Nevill, Major A. H. Ferguson and the Hon. George Rous



# GILBEY'S SPEY ROYAL WHISKY



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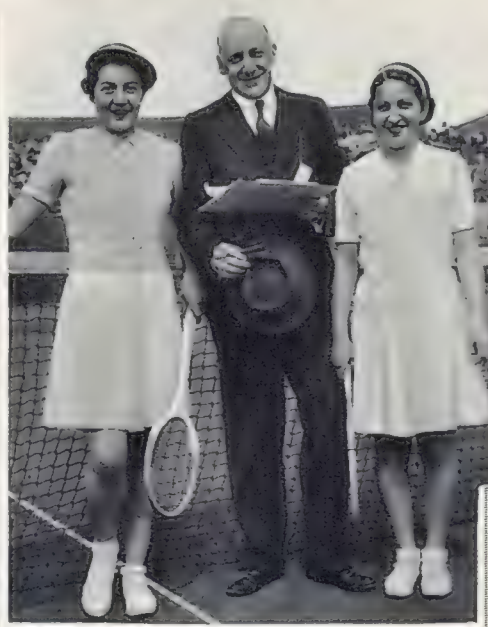




SIR LEONARD AND LADY LYLE  
ENTERTAIN AT GREYSTOKE

For the finals of the British Hard Court Championships at Bournemouth, Sir Leonard and Lady Lyle had a large house-party at their lovely home at Canford Cliffs, Sir Samuel Hoare, First Lord of the Admiralty and President of the British Lawn Tennis Association, being a particularly notable guest. From left to right in this group are: Lord Iliffe, Sir Samuel Hoare, Lady Iliffe, Sir Leonard Lyle, Lady Maud Hoare, Lady Lyle, and Mr. A. D. Prebble, the ex-international player

**B**OURNEMOUTH was a disappointing meeting in many ways this year. We missed Perry, and we missed, too, entries from overseas. As a matter of fact, Bournemouth has never received the notice it should have done from foreign stars. Perhaps it is that they are frightened of our notoriously cold English springs, but, as a matter of fact, Bournemouth has always been extremely fortunate where weather was concerned. And I always think that it is a little hard, considering we never fail to send over a considerable team to the Paris championship, and another six of our stars at least to take part in the German championships at Berlin later in the season, that Von Cramm has never appeared on the courts at Melville Park, nor Borotra and his fellow musketeers—at least, for many seasons now. And, again, it would be very intriguing to see how Mme. Mathieu fared on a hard court against the best of our home talent. When our ladies go South to the Riviera in the winter, they find that playing Mme. Mathieu on her own hunting ground is a very different proposition from meeting her at Wimbledon. There is no doubt that on a hard court surface there is no player in the world who can be certain of defeating her, not even Mme. Sperling, as their meeting in the final of the Beaulieu Cup proved. What a fantastic encounter that was! Mme. Sperling went off with a 5—2 lead, but was then caught by her opponent, who proceeded to hit a series of loop drives even higher in the air; in other words, hoisted her with her own petard. The eleventh game had so many deuces that it lasted forty-five minutes alone, and apart from the technical strategies displayed, the rest of the match was so dull that it made a single on a public court between two park players seem as exciting as a Noel Coward first night. In the end, after three hours' play, Mme. Mathieu left the court to claim the cup for her own, as it was her third consecutive victory. I should imagine she will remember this struggle for the rest of her life, though no doubt she considered the three hours well spent. For, despite all her displays of temperament on court, the amount of shoulder shrugging in which she indulges in the course of a match, I



THE LADIES' SINGLES FINALISTS

Señorita Anita Lizana (right) and Miss Peggy Scriven with Mr. H. J. Chivers who umpired their exciting battle. British hopes ran high when Miss Scriven, No. 10 in the ranking list, led by 5 games to 3 in the first set. Then she faltered, the Chilean champion seized her chance and went on, playing brilliantly, to win 7—5, 6—3

And, despite her early defeats this season, I think she might have done it, too, because, having watched her play in numerous matches on many courts, I believe that Bournemouth brings her good luck, and she is certainly always at her best on the centre court there. At the present moment, Miss Stammers

(Contd. on p. XVIII)

## LAWN TENNIS

By "RABBIT"

have a suspicion that underneath it all there is more than a shrewd streak of that Gallic thrift that has won the French the reputation of producing the best *pot au feu* in the world.

So, perhaps, in a way, it was as well, after all, that these two hard-court champions did not condescend to make the journey to Bournemouth, and were content instead to play out their unpretty duels in more distant parts of Europe, like Athens, where they have been protagonists with Helen Jacobs in the Grecian championships. And it would be churlish on my part to suggest that there was not plenty of fire in the final rounds of the ladies' singles, even though three out of the four semi-finalists, Miss Round, Miss Scriven and Miss

Hardwick, were home products. But their play was so beautifully contrasted, with the addition of Señorita Lizana, who, throughout her matches during the week looked as though she was picking daisies instead of plucking scalps, that I cannot honestly say I missed the lack of foreign feminine talent. But I did miss Kay Stammers' presence at Bournemouth. I am sure all the players and spectators alike will agree with me that the meeting lost something of its glamour, its beauty, and its importance through the fact that Miss Stammers had the bad luck to go down with gastric 'flu the week-end before the meeting opened. It was particularly bad luck for her, since, as in Mme. Mathieu's case, she had won the championship the two previous years, and was all out for bringing off the hat-trick.



Photos.: Stuart

H. G. N. LEE AND H. W. AUSTIN

Photographed just before they played each other in the final of the British Hard Court Singles Championship, which H. W. Austin won 6—2, 6—2, 6—0, after as fine an exhibition of lawn tennis as anyone could wish to see. Hard-hitting H. G. N. Lee was Hard Court Champion in 1930, and Austin, in 1929. Neither Austin nor Señorita Lizana dropped a set during the Bournemouth week



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# THE ALIBI

By  
MARK HELLINGER



The three men watched her intently. Tessie opened her handbag and drew out a pair of ticket stubs

SHE was a thin woman with faded blonde hair. Her eyes darted around the room in a frightened manner. This woman was a gangster's sweetie, but she hardly lived up to the public's conception of such ladies.

She wore no costly jewels or furs. There wasn't so much as a plain ring on the hands that she clutched tightly together, and her clothes were very definitely of the bargain basement variety.

Three men sat with her in the room. And the stout, red-faced man at the desk began to question her.

"Your name?"

"Tessie Martin. Theresa I was christened."

"Where do you live?"

She told him, glancing nervously at the stenographer who sat nearby. The stout man grunted.

"All right now," he said. "Let's get down to cases. You're a friend of Michael Penny, aren't you?"

"Mike? Why—er, sure. Me and Mike, we've been—well, we've been friends for years. A long time now I've known Mike."

The stout man nodded. This was no surprise to him. He knew—almost everybody knew—about Mike and Tessie. It was a sort of underworld legend . . .

For more than ten years Mike and Tessie had shared an apartment. Outside of that, with the exception of abuse, Tessie hadn't received anything from Mike.

He was very generous, however, with his abuse. The beatings were vigorous and plentiful, and Tessie had wound up in hospital on two occasions. But Tessie had never entered any charges against her man. She wasn't Mike's only love through their years together, but he always came back to her in the end. And she, strangely enough, was always waiting.

It was evidently one of those loves that nobody is ever quite able to understand. There was something out of the ordinary in this very ordinary woman's love for Mike Penny.

Now she leaned forward, and her eyes searched the police official's face.

"Is it true like they say? I mean, about Mike bein' arrested for that murder last night?"

"What do you know about that?" The words were sharp.

"Me? Why, nothin'. Only I know that Mike never done it." Tessie wet her lips. "He never killed Joe Bircho, nor nobody else. Mike ain't a murderer."

The stout man shrugged impatiently. "Never mind all that. When did you see Penny last?"

"Last night. An' that's how I know he didn't have nothin' to do with killin' Joe Bircho. Mike was with me last night, an' I can prove it."

"How?"

The three men watched her intently. Tessie opened her handbag and drew out a pair of ticket stubs.

"He was with me, see? We went to the movies, an' I got the stubs right here. I bought the tickets, 'cause Mike was kinda short of change." She looked around eagerly. "So you see what a bum rap it is? He was with me, so he couldn't be no place else. We was at the movies, I tell you!"

"What time did you go there?"

"About eight o'clock, I guess. We got back to the apartment about quarter to eleven. I made some sandwiches. I didn't have no beer in, and Mike said we oughta have some. So he—"

She stopped abruptly. "Go on!" cried the stout man. "Finish the story! He went out for some beer, and he didn't come back. Right?"

"No, no, that ain't true!" Tessie had regained her composure. "He did come back. He was only gone a few minutes. Maybe five or six, that's all. Except for that, he was there all night."

For a few moments nobody spoke. The man behind the desk twirled his pencil. He was wondering why any woman should waste so many years loving a skunk like Mike Penny.

(Continued on page 286)





## English Complexion

Flutter of banners in the May sunshine . . . Fanfare of trumpets at the Royal Exchange . . . England's Coronation will be one of the most splendid events of 1937 ; and of the beautiful women who will add elegance to this splendid occasion the vast majority are Elizabeth Arden's clients and make a habit of paying regular, refreshing visits to the Salon ; for, in that soothing atmosphere, they find the essential background of youth and loveliness . . . As a tribute to the gaieties of Coronation Year, Miss Arden has designed new cosmetics to harmonise with the new Coronation colours. As foundation for this new make-up she prescribes Ocre Lille de France, Royal Rouge, Gris Brun with Royal Eye-Shado, Royal Lipstick, Ardena Powder in Ardena shade, and Japonica Powder in the Special Mat Foncé shade, with Black Cosmetique to complete the effect.

## Elizabeth Arden

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25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON WEST ONE



## THE ALIBI—(Continued from page 284)

He wrestled with the problem and then gave it up. He coughed slightly.

"You say," he went on, "that Mike was with you all the time, except for the five minutes when he went out for the beer? And that, you say, was about eleven o'clock?"

"Yeah. Sure." The woman's voice was calm now, but it was obvious that she was lying. "That's just how it was."

"Joe Bircho," mused the stout man, "was killed some time around two o'clock."

"I know it." Tessie smiled. "And that's just why I

say Mike never done it, see? He was there in my apartment."

The stout man turned to his companions.

"Boys," he said, "it looks as though we have a case, after all. And just when I thought we'd have to let Mike go, too. He got this airtight alibi about being in Callahan's club until three o'clock this morning, and six or seven guys were willing to swear they were with him until five o'clock. But Tessie says he was with her, so that kicks both his alibis right out the window. We've got him now, boys!"

Tessie was on her feet. Her eyes were wild.

"What are you sayin'?" she shrieked. "Are you sayin' he was at Callahan's club, and that he already had an alibi? You was goin' to let him go?"

"Right," nodded the stout man. "His alibi was okay until you stepped in with one too many. You can leave now, Tessie. We'll be seeing you later."

A police officer held the door open for her. Tessie walked out slowly, her thin shoulders hunched. The man at the desk shook his head and stared at the eraser on his pencil.

"Ain't it funny," he observed, "what a dame will do when she's in love with a guy? That woman comes down here and lies her head off to save a man who never did anything but punch her around. And by doing the thing she thought would save him, she probably sends him to the chair. Ain't it funny? . . ."

Outside of police headquarters a taxi was waiting for Tessie. She stepped in and the taxi rolled away. Another woman sat beside Tessie.

"You done it?" asked the other woman nervously.

"Yeah, Mazie." She laughed shortly. "I done it all right. For ten years I been waitin' for the right chance to get even with Mike Penny for all the rotten things he done to me. And now I done it."

"Are you sure?" mumbled the other woman. "Are you sure you done right?"

"Sure I'm sure!" cried Tessie. "Just look what he done to me last night! He breaks a date with me and I gotta call you to go to the movies with me. If you ain't around, I gotta sit home all alone in the apartment."

She took a mirror from her purse and gazed at her reflection.

"Yeah," she murmured, "he had it comin' to him. He had no right breakin' a date with me, just 'cause them guys come for him to go to Callahan's club with them! . . ."

THE END.



Tunbridge

## LADY PLUNKET—HER LATEST PORTRAIT

Lady Plunket, who is the best amateur dancer England possesses, is ever forward in giving the services of her art in aid of any charitable object. She is a daughter of the ageless Miss Fanny Ward. Lord Plunket, whom she married in 1922, is in the Rifle Brigade (Reserve of Officers)



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P 320 A



# AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART



NEW YORK: MAJOR AND MRS  
NETHERSOLE, FROM CALCUTTA

Major Nethersole, who besides being the official judge of the Royal Calcutta Turf Club, is also President of the Calcutta Polo Club, is stated to be the bearer of an invitation to America to send a polo team to India next cold weather; a very pleasant project. The snapshot was taken on board the S.S. "Manhattan" on arrival in New York

where the civil department of the Air Ministry is now housed, by the Duke of Kent. It was an impressive ceremony, and it included the ceremonial circling, at a low altitude, of one of the Empire flying-boats. Round and round the Law Courts, the Gaiety Theatre, Adastral House, and Ariel House, not to mention Simpson's and Short's, whirled and burred the four-engined machine at about kite height. Everybody in the streets looked upwards; people driving cars craned out of the windows; pedestrians gazed skywards; policemen looked up in the execution of their duty. Nobody looked where they were going or where the traffic was going. I can say, without the slightest exaggeration, that no single person, no single organisation, has ever before introduced such a serious danger to road users as did the Air Ministry through its instrument—its "chosen instrument"—the flying-boat, on that occasion. It was sheer luck that there were not collisions and runnings-down galore.

Now please understand that I fully approved of that low ceremonial circling. It added a touch to the opening ceremony both appropriate and dramatic. The dangers to road traffic were, to my mind, justifiable. Nor do I think any blame should be attached to the authorities for staging this free London street show immediately after they had issued a "Notice to Airmen" reminding them about the regulations governing low flying over populous districts, and especially the regulations prohibiting "exhibition" flying of any kind over such districts. That was just delightful inconsistency. But I do want to take this opportunity of asking the Air Ministry to be consistently inconsistent.

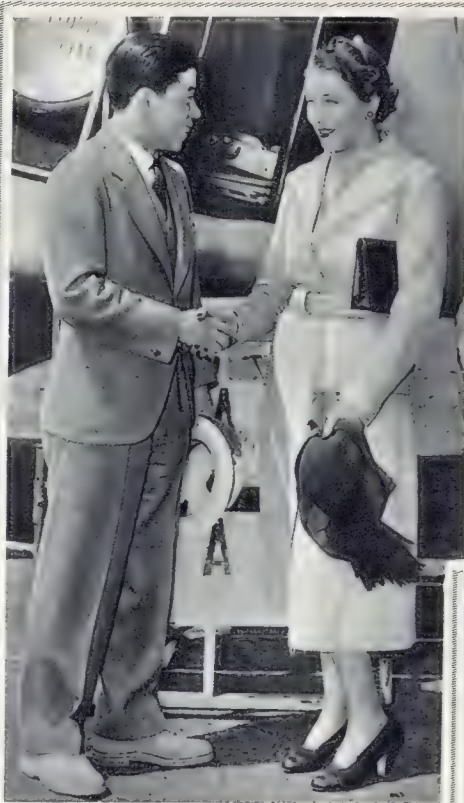
## Examples.

**I**NCONSISTENCY is the spice of life, and it is a distinctly hopeful sign that the Air Ministry has lately been showing signs of it. Take that opening of Ariel House in the Strand,

## Private Owners.

**L**et it, in its dealings with private aeroplane owners and such small organisations as are not its "chosen instruments," be as benignly inconsistent as it is with the openings of its own buildings. Let it live and let live, and be rather less anxious to carve pounds of flesh from the emaciated person of private flying in England. Let it occasionally remember Talleyrand's motto: "*Surtout pas trop de zèle.*" All Government departments would be vastly improved if they learnt a lesson from the Air Ministry's inconsistency at the opening of Ariel House. Why, for instance, should those wretched street traders with their barrows be harried and moved on if the traffic of a wide area may, with official approval, be thrown out of gear? Let Government departments and their servants be less anxious to exercise their authority; let them, when they receive anonymous letters—which to-day seem to be the things that cause officials to start meddling quickest—remember Ariel House, and forbear.

And that name "Ariel House" is in itself worth noting. It almost looks as if a pun were intended, and I cannot entirely approve of it. Why is it that the names of the great pioneer pilots cannot be commemorated? The French Government, with a surer touch in matters of sentiment, has issued its stamps to commemorate Jean Mermoz, greatest of all air-mail pilots. Why could not this new Air Ministry building be called after one of our own great pilots? As it is, the name Ariel appears in Heywood's "Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels," and my reference books tell me that it stands for one of the seven angelic princes *who rule the waters*. The waters,



AMY JOHNSON AND K. HIRASAWA  
IN WASHINGTON

Amy Johnson is in America in connection with the New York-Paris Air Race, which is not off, after all, and will be flown some time in the summer. K. Hirasawa, who is an attaché at the Japanese Embassy, reminded her of her London-Tokio flight in 1931

note, not the air. Here, surely, is further ground for prolonging the dispute about the Fleet Air Arm! What, the Admiralty may well ask, has the Air Ministry got to do with ruling the waters? The matter could be discussed in the wine-shop close at hand.

(Contd. on p. xxvi)



GOING RACING BY 'PLANE

Lord Forbes and Miss Harrison snapped after arriving at Newmarket the other day. Going racing by the high road of the air has ceased to be a novelty—the more opulent amongst the jockeys employ it. Lord Forbes is the Earl of Granard's son and heir



# Asprey

BOND STREET  
LONDON, W.1



Gentleman's Pigskin Case, with "Zip" Fastener, solid Ivory Brushes, and Bottles with Ivory Tops  
£15 0 0

Size closed  $13\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{3}{4}$  inches

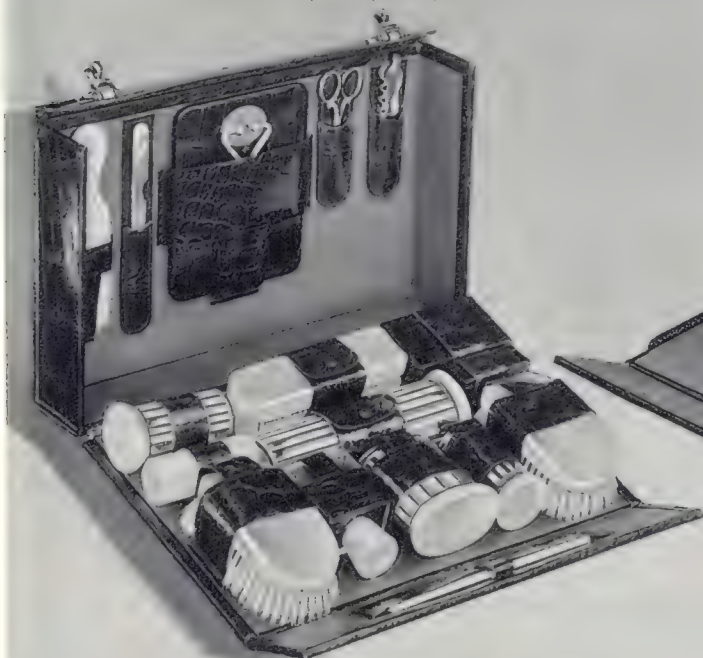


Hazel Pigskin Upright Compactus Case, lined Pigskin, with Engine-turned Silver Brushes, Cut Glass Bottles with Engine-turned Silver Tops, etc  
£35 0 0

Size closed  $15\frac{1}{4} \times 9\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$  inches

## CASES FOR LIGHT TRAVEL COMPLETE AND COMPACT

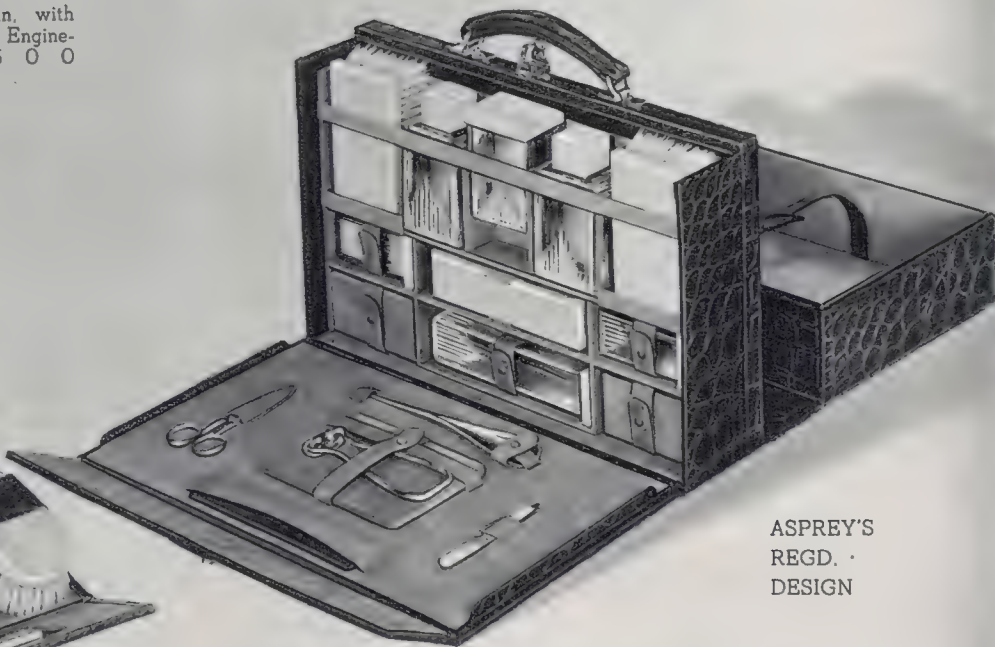
CORONATION GIFT CATALOGUE  
AND GENERAL CATALOGUE ON  
REQUEST



Dark Brown Crocodile Attache Shape Compactus Case, lined leather, with solid Ivory Brushes, Ivory Topped Bottles, etc.

£31 0 0

Size closed  $14 \times 9\frac{1}{2} \times 3$  inches



ASPREY'S  
REGD.  
DESIGN

"ALL I WANT UNTIL THE LUGGAGE ARRIVES"

Gentleman's Chestnut Crocodile Leather, lined fawn velvet calf with solid Ivory and Cut Glass Fittings. Compartment for packing. Brown Waterproof Cover.  
complete £73 10 0

Size closed  $15\frac{1}{4} \times 9\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{3}{4}$  inches





THE CO-STAR OF "ELEPHANT BOY":  
SABU AT THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

He was presenting a wireless set to the little people in the Great Ormond Street Hospital. In the process he tried to explain all about a "hathi" to a "chokra" who didn't seem to "mallum" (which is how an amateur in Hindustani would phrase things—especially if the amateur were Thomas Atkins)

#### Road Racing.

WE have now had time to think over the road racing we've seen on the new courses at Brooklands and at the Crystal Palace, and to compare the results with the racing at Donington and on the Continent. The Campbell Trophy on the new Brooklands circuit was certainly exhilarating, though everyone felt rather downcast when Lord Howe crashed after a spell of the most courageous driving I have seen. With a car of 1½-litres capacity he held and eventually passed Prince Birabongse in a car of 3-litres capacity, and it was a terrible disappointment to everybody there when the news of his crash came through. The course itself seemed satisfactory, although some steps ought to have been taken to clear away the thick dust which lay on it before the start. This made the first few laps positively dangerous, some of the drivers being unable to see where they were going. Then the way in which the enclosures are arranged will have to be overhauled. There are too many fences and screens and reserved enclosures. One of these was cut off even from the use of members of the Club, unless they were prepared to pay 20s. Some members were inclined to be sarcastic about this enclosure, believing that it was distinctly "unclublike," and one of them went so far as to describe it as the "snobs' paddock."

It would be wise to abolish this enclosure and to re-plan the others. Then, I think, everything will be set for some really good racing on the new circuit. It is not so fast as Percy Bradley thought it would be; but it is fast, and no doubt speeds will gradually work up as drivers get to know it. The "Immelmann" turn, which is cut in the face of the hill, affords an excellent spectacle, for it can be taken very fast indeed, and the cars come round it in an exciting slide. P. D. Walker was the star performer on this corner, so far as the spectators were concerned. His cornering technique is the most astonishing ever conceived. He appears to wind the steering wheel without altering the position of his hands, so that you see him come through the bend in a broadside with his arms almost wrapped round one another. Provided he keeps his car on the track and doesn't hit things, Walker is going to be one of our best drivers. He shows exceptionally accurate speed and distance

## PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

judgment in these emotioning cornerings of his. They are hard on the car; but in time he will so contrive them that the car is less violently stressed.

#### First and Second.

As for the driving of Prince Birabongse and E. K. Rayson, who obtained first and second places, it was faultless. Indeed, it was so good that only the instructed appreciated it at its full worth. For it was entirely devoid of wildness, yet the elusive fifth of a second was relentlessly pursued during the entire hundred laps. I think Rayson deserves special praise, for he was driving a 1500-c.c. car with four-cylinder engine, and without the independent front-wheel mounting which is fitted to the newer Maseratis. Powys-Lybbe, in an Alfa-Romeo, and D. H. Scribbans, in an E.R.A., obtained third and fourth places, largely because they heeded the rule which

athletes learn, and set their pace from the start in accordance with the distance to be run and not in accordance with the ultimate capabilities of their cars.

Many more road races are to be held this season on the three courses in England, and it is to be especially noted that the Tourist Trophy is to be at Donington. Altogether, I think that road racing is going to prove as popular in England as it is on the Continent. On a track it can never be quite the same thing as on a road; but it is the best we can hope for in this country; and my experience of Brooklands, the

(Continued on page 292)



"WHAT D'YOU MEAN?  
CAN'T SEE?—  
WHY, YOU'RE  
RIGHT IN FRONT!"



AT THE PAVILION CLUB, DATCHET: LADY CHOLMONDELEY  
AND MR. C. HUNTINGDON

The picture was taken at the recent opening of the Pavilion Club, Datchet. Lady Cholmondeley is the only sister of Sir Philip Sassoon and the wife of the Marquess of Cholmondeley, who is Joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England and was at one time a very prominent figure in the world of first-class polo, in which, perhaps, he is better remembered as Lord Rocksavage



a big  
cocktail party—  
a  
hurried "hullo darling"—  
and you're left  
with a hitherto  
strange young man . . .



have you  
ever noticed  
what  
a  
blessing  
a  
cigarette  
can  
be . . .



on occasions  
such as this  
when  
you're  
feeling  
a  
little  
bit  
"lost" ?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.



**Petrol Vapour**—continued from p. 290

Crystal Palace and Donington this year, leads me to the conclusion that it is not at all a bad makeshift.

**More Morris.**

An increase of nearly 1,000,000 square feet in the floor space occupied by Morris engine production will have been made when the extensions now under way are completed. Since 1935 employment at the Morris engines branch has increased by 40 per cent. The main Morris engine factory occupied a site in the centre of Coventry which was mainly composed of multi-story buildings. Some years ago, Mr. J. Shaw, managing director of the engines branch, tells me, a site of forty-five acres on the outskirts of the city was bought and this is now being developed to meet the needs arising from the expansion of business. The new buildings will facilitate assembly, testing and despatch. The grounds already contain canteens, cricket, football and hockey grounds, and tennis courts and bowling greens.

**The Wolseley 18/80.**

A correspondent asks for further details of the Wolseley 18/80, a car in which I did a short trial run not long ago, when it was first announced, and as this model is attracting a great deal of attention I feel that it is worth going over some details of the specification. The engine is a six of 2,322 c.c. capacity with an annual tax of £13 10s. Valve operation is by push rod from a four-bearing camshaft driven by Duplex chain. The crankshaft is carried in four large bearings and it is provided with a torque reaction damper. The pistons are steel skirted. A good

point is the constant oil level intake which ensures that only clean oil is put in circulation. The aluminium sump is finned for cooling. Twin S.U. carburettors are used, with air cleaners and silencers. Petrol is carried in an 8½-gallon rear tank and is conveyed to the carburettors by an electric pump.

Transmission is orthodox and so is suspension, but there is a hand riding control so that the driver can set the shock absorbers for load and road. The brakes are hydraulic. The engine is big enough to make the car at once lively and smooth running. Starting is arranged for automatically, a thermostatic control being incorporated so that the driver does not have to fiddle with chokes or mixture controls. He merely takes his seat and works the starter switch. The car is marketed in two body styles, a full five-seater saloon and the five-seater saloon known as the Wolseley Salon de Ville. Hydraulic jacks are built in.



AUSTRALIA'S GIRL OF GIRLS: MISS SHEILA MARTIN

Miss Sheila Martin, chosen to represent Australian girlhood at the Coronation, is seen here, having just disembarked from S.S. "Strathnaver," stepping into the Vauxhall "25" saloon which she is using while she is in England. To-day, Coronation Day, Miss Martin has a seat in the Abbey. Presentation at Court is part of her very full programme, which includes innumerable social and civic engagements lasting well on into June

After their extended and successful American tour, the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company sailed from Boston on Sunday. Commencing May 31, Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte has arranged for a seven weeks' repertory season at the Sadler's Wells Theatre. The company will be exactly the same as that which has been appearing throughout the American tour, and will include Brenda Bennett, Sylvia Cecil, Ann Drummond Grant, Marjorie Eyre, Evelyn Gardiner, Elizabeth Nickell-Lean, John Dean, Darrell Fancourt, Sydney Granville, Martyn Green, Derek Oldham, Frank Steward, Richard Walker, and Robert Wilson.

The first week's programme, May 31 to June 5, will include "The Gondoliers," "The Mikado," "Patience," "The Yeomen of the Guard," "Iolanthe," "Trial by Jury," and "The Pirates of Penzance."



BY APPOINTMENT

**CRAFTSMANSHIP**

*Windovers are showing an unrivalled collection of Rolls-Royce cars fitted with the latest refinements in bodywork designed in advance of the mode.*



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# This England . . .



*From the White Horse Hill—Uffington*

IT is a good thing to stand upon a hill. For you have laboured with your body to get there ; which is achievement. Then, as the ground drops away at your feet so do the irks and troubles of your little world fall from you — the spirit no longer confined between the hedges of routine but overlooking, free, in the greater airs before you. And one other advantage there is in being upon a hill, almost anywhere in this England. You may choose, by the eye, with deliberation and lovely foretaste, the inn at which you will drink your Worthington—a golden reward for all achievement —of mind or body.





## A GOLFING WEEK-END

## AT GLENEAGLES HOTEL



Mlle. MARIE CHAUVIN DE TREUIL  
AND MR. TEDDY WAGG (A HOST)



LORD CARLISLE



MR. AND MRS. IAN PITMAN,  
TWO MORE OF THE GUESTS

Mr. Teddy Wagg and his brother, who are so well known and much liked in the Big Town, make an annual fixture of a golfing week-end at the Gleneagles Hotel, which has that extremely good golf course as one of its many attractions. The tournament is stated to have been played in a heat wave. It seems to have liked Scotland better than England. Mlle. Marie Chauvin de Treuil, seen with one of the hosts, is a Coronation visitor from France; Lord Carlisle, who may be observed carrying on a conversation with some person or persons unknown through a window, is the owner of Naworth and married Lord and Lady Ruthven's eldest daughter. Mr. Ian Pitman, a cadet of the famous Eton rowing family, married the former Miss Helen Lowe



## Helena Rubinstein Opens to You A World of Beauty

Helena Rubinstein, artist, scientist and smart cosmopolite, has created in her exclusive Mayfair Salon, a world of beauty. She offers you, in an individualised treatment, the fruits of her famed experience in bringing beauty to the women of every land. Here deft attendants, restful treatment rooms, rejuvenating creams, exhilarating lotions and clever new make-up all combine to achieve perfection of face, neck, back, arms and hands. Here beauty is born, cherished and perpetuated.

### Your Face

—thrills to the deep exhilaration of the Electro-Tonic Treatments, which surpass anything before discovered for facial rejuvenation. Tired lines are "lifted" from you, wrinkles smoothed away. Or, if acne, blackheads, oiliness or enlarged pores ruin your complexion, a scientific, medicated treatment will restore its former clear, radiant, transparent tone. You can also have moles, warts, veins or superfluous hair scientifically removed.

### Your Eyes

—become brilliant, alive with youth-sparkle, the delicate tissues that surround them firm, satin-smooth, your eyelids free from crêpiness, lines and crow's feet even after one treatment.

### Your Throat

—is remoulded to clean-cut youthful contours, the skin made supple, rounded, instead of sagging, crêpey and dull in a remarkable rejuvenating treatment that takes years from your appearance.

**helena rubinstein**

24 GRAFTON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1  
PARIS

REGENT 5231

NEW YORK





BY APPOINTMENT



REPLICA OF ONE OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S SALT CELLARS ENGRAVED WITH THE NAME CEREBOS

For four generations the  
salt cellars of the Royal  
Family have been filled with  
pure, white, free – running

CEREBOS  
SALT



# THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE



THERE are moments in the life of every woman when she realises that it is all important that she should be looking her best. Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, appreciating this, have created hats that emphasise the good points of each face. There is something different for every type; some are reinforced with modern veils that add a mysterious glamour to the eyes. A feature is likewise made of featherweight felt hats for forty-nine shillings and sixpence; they are endowed with individual touches which place them on a plane apart. They are perfect for sports, travel and country wear. There are many versions of the Breton sailor in fine straw which have to be worn at the right angle—they are tilted up on the left side. They look very smart when trimmed with gaily coloured woodland flowers

SURELY nothing could be simpler than the hats portrayed on this page from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. They could never be mistaken for anything except creations for the summer of this the Coronation year. The hat above is expressed in coarse marine blue straw which is very cleverly sewn, a barn-fowl's feather being thrust through the ribbon which encircles the crown. The model on the right is of baku of the finest texture; as a matter of fact it is semi-transparent. The brim is finished with narrow white braid, and so is the bow which rests lightly on the hair. When flowers trim the hats a harmonising spray must appear on the dress, and, it may be, on the gloves as well. And as the hair is as important as the hat, an appointment should be made to have it dressed in the very newest manner



Pictures by Blake





## *Elegance for Summer Days*

*A distinctive Ensemble in heavy Silk Marocain. The dress has contrasting top and long sleeves, appliquéd with motifs of tulips. In black/white and navy/white. Three sizes.*

**9½ gns**

*Black Straw Hat with upturned brim, lined with pleated white material* **49/6**

**MARGARET MARKS**  
**KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.**



# FASHION'S DOUBLE



FASHION'S "double" is sure to win, as it comes from the house of Dickens and Jones, Regent Street. The evening dress on the right is of oyster tinted satin, while the overdress is of ombré net; in a fraction of a minute it may be arranged to form a cape, and the cost is twelve and a half guineas. Needlerun lace posed on taffeta makes the ensemble on the left, giving a printed effect at a distance. The dress is arranged with short sleeves and the coat is waisted; it is pleasantly priced at sixteen and a half guineas. Neither must it be overlooked that there are altogether charming evening gowns for fifteen and a half guineas, designed for the older woman as well as for the débutante.



"FOR the Bride" is a particularly interesting booklet which Dickens and Jones have brought out to assist the prospective bride when engaged in the pleasant task of choosing her wedding dress, bridesmaids' dresses and trousseau in general; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free. Several bridal dresses are portrayed, ranging in price from six and a half to nineteen and a half guineas. There are lovely Brussels, Honiton and Limerick lace veils, and that the state of everyone's exchequer has been duly considered may be gleaned from the fact that they cost from eight to one hundred guineas.





## VISIT THE ITALIAN LAKES

The names of the blue Italian Lakes and their smart resorts read like a poem of delight: Lake COMO—Cernobbio, Cadenabbia, Tremezzo, Bellagio—Lake GARDA—Gardone Riviera, Riva, Sirmione—Lake MAGGIORE—Stresa, Baveno—and the beauty of these names is only rivalled by the beauty of the Lakes themselves. What a charmed life you will lead there, following the fascinating cycle of social and sporting events. And you can spend just as much or little as you please—there are hotels of every class, from picturesque inns to de luxe palaces

Take advantage of the remarkable travel facilities Italy offers:

**CHEQUES or LETTERS of CREDIT in "TOURIST" LIRE**

(The £ is now worth 60% more).

**HOTEL COUPONS** at fixed prices ranging from 6s. to 13s. a day.

**REDUCTIONS OF 50%—70%** on the Railways.

**COUPONS for PETROL** at prices less than you pay at home.

*For information, descriptive booklets, etc., apply to E.N.I.T. 38 Piccadilly, London, W.1; E.N.I.T., 14 Park Circus, Glasgow; Istituto Nazionale per i Cambi con l'Estero, via Genova 4, Roma; and ANY TOURIST AGENCY.*





# FOR EVERY OCCASION

INDIVIDUALITY is the keynote of the hairdressing in the artistic salons of Truefitt and Hill, 23, Old Bond Street. Just a touch makes all the difference, for these artists in hair are never slaves to fashion. The evening affair above has a sculptured effect; were the forehead not so beautiful, softly falling curls might be permitted to wander over it. The contour of the head is likewise carefully studied



IT is the "broken shell" dressing that is seen at the base of the page; it has been created for those who travel by air and sea, and is perfectly easy to arrange. The front, which is combed into a flattering roll, is separate from the sides the hair being combed backwards. In the pictures on this page the client's own hair has been used; naturally a postiche might be substituted



NO problem confronts the sports enthusiast who has her hair dressed like the model above. The curls are arranged in such a way that they cannot get out of order; although they look intricate they are simple, and for the evening they may be combed out into a set style. By the way, Fenwick's, 63, New Bond Street, are responsible for the fashionable dresses portrayed

Pictures by Blake



*Designed and  
built in Britain's  
largest refrigerator  
factory*



## MORE SPACE FOR LESS MONEY

The new Prestcold range is the outcome of years of research into domestic refrigeration problems by one of the country's leading groups of refrigerating engineers. From the outset of these experiments Prestcold engineers decided that it's the most storage space per £1 spent you want when you buy a refrigerator. So the new Prestcold models give you more storage space than any other good refrigerator of the same price. That's why you get more for your money when you buy a Prestcold.

Every model is quiet, economical, streamlined, fully equipped, all-electric, guaranteed and backed by an efficient and widespread service. No matter what size model you require, a Prestcold, with its exceptional capacity, represents the best refrigerator value ever offered in the British market. Models are obtainable from 28 guineas on exceptionally attractive terms. Write for Brochure.

# Prestcold

*Home* REFRIGERATORS

Product of PRESSED STEEL CO., LTD., OXFORD. London Showrooms: 142, Wigmore St., W.1

PN17c

“What's the bright idea  
for Summer Clothes,  
Mr. Clark?”



Fine job you made of Plus-Dyeing my beige silk coat. Its new Coronation Red is a crowning triumph, and all--including Vita-Cleaning--for 7/-!! Herewith a Navy and White georgette frock, to be Vita-Cleaned, white crepe Dance Slippers to be dyed Navy, and a length of Navy chiffon to be finely pleated. Cost: Vita-Cleaning frock 4/-; Plus-Dyeing slippers 2/6; Pleating Chiffon 2/-; grand total for grand occasion 8/6. And, over 7/6, Clark's pay postage both ways.

Just send a p.c. to Clark's Dyeworks, Ltd., Retford, for copy of price list and free booklets "A Woman in Search of Chic," and Spring Fashion Colour Guide—very helpful and full of ideas.

“‘Summer’  
Plus-Dyed and  
some are  
Vita-Cleaned”



## HEGARO

*Strength & Elegance*

combine to make this HEGARO suitcase ideal for the discerning Traveller. Sturdily built of full grain hide, it will last the longest and most travelled lifetime. HEGARO Travel Goods are skillfully devised for maximum convenience, and, in their wide choice of materials, colours and designs, present an air of smart efficiency that distinguishes them from all others.

Obtainable from all large Stores and Travel Outfitters.



# Stepping Out



SHOES that flatter the feet for the fashionable functions that have been arranged for the ensuing months of this the Coronation year have been assembled at Manfield's, 170, Regent Street. Graceful lines and many new notes are reflected in the models portrayed. Gold kid makes the modish sandal at the top of the page; a diamanté crown decorates the brocaded lamé court shoe below it. Blue satin and gold kid are seen in happy unison in the model at the base of the page on the right, while the smart brocaded shoe above it trimmed with gold kid is reinforced with an ankle strap



IT may with justice be said that the shoe immediately below is in the stop press news; it is indeed the last word in the story of footwear, and is available in various coloured kids embroidered with beads. At the base of the page is Manfield's successful 1937 sandal. It must not be overlooked that this firm specialise in Selberite Arch Preserver Shoes; on application they would be pleased to send a brochure devoted to the subject. These shoes are made for every type of arch. The arch bridge is of light, finely tempered, special steel, which gives a natural rigid support along the outer arch without interfering with the movement





# Let's roam the whole world over!



What a lot of names the British have been called. If our memory serves us right it was Napoleon who first called us a "Nation of shop-keepers." But, then, Napoleon's imagination was turned to other things than epithets. We have been called much better names since then. One thing, however, we must admit. We have ever had an "itching foot." We are accused of being the world's worst linguists, but no nation has ever roamed as we have. Think of the adventure of far horizons and instantly *British* names spring to your mind . . . Drake, Raleigh, Cook, Clive, Cochrane the dauntless, Rhodes—their name is legion.

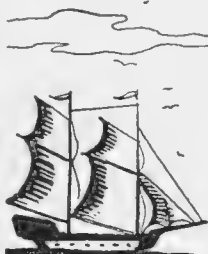
The smell of tarred rope and a whiff of the sea has proved too much for many a sober lad. The call of adventure is even stronger than the ties of home.

Surely that is why short-wave radio so appeals to Britons. Roam the whole world at the turn of a



dial—Shanghai, Tokio, Boston, Winnipeg, Sydney, Bombay—hear the actual stations with the clarity of a local programme, without distortion, without distraction. Here is high adventure!!

Consider the set below. On it your ten-year-old son can easily bring in the most distant stations. Its quality is unlike that of any other radio you have ever heard. The resonance of the basses, the clarity of the trebles, the faithful reproduction of the voices—it seems that you are in the very room with the performers. We should like you to hear it, test it yourself. Any accredited Philco dealer, and there is one near you, will be delighted to demonstrate it to you in your own home. Of course, it can be bought on easy payments. A demonstration does not imply an obligation of any sort. If you do not know your nearest Philco dealer a line to us will bring you prompt attention and a home demonstration.



## THE PHILCO "EMPIRE" EIGHT

De Luxe Radiogram with Automatic Record Changer. Model 847 A.R.G. **60** GNS.  
for A.C. Mains - - - - -

Also as a Table Model 29 Gns.

Special features: Spread-band dial, with station names, wavelength and frequency calibration. 8 Octal Base Valves. Wide tuning range, on long, medium, intermediate and short wavebands. Tone and Automatic Volume Controls. Shadow tuning. Available on easy instalments.

Other All-Wave Models from 8 gns.

*I'm going home to my*



# PHILCO

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF RADIO SETS



## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MRS. G. T. PITTS

Formerly Miss Doreen Edith Hawke, whose marriage took place on April 24 to Dr. Geoffrey Turner Pitts, the son of Mr. Arthur G. Pitts and the late Mrs. Pitts. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Aysh Hawke

Mr. John Archibald Boyd-Carpenter and Miss Margaret Mary Hall are being married at St. James's, Spanish Place, on June 25.

## Abroad.

The marriage is taking place in Toronto on June 17 between Mr. Edward Colby Bischoff and Miss Rosamond Mary McCulloch, and the bride and bridegroom are returning to England early in July; on June 19 the marriage will take place at Mooi River, Natal, South Africa, between Mr. Joseph Edward Low Stanton and Miss Dorothy Armstrong.

\* \* \*

## Marrying Shortly.

On May 22 Mr. Stephen John Chettle Gomme, the younger son of the late Mr. James Frederick Gomme and Mrs. Gomme, and Miss Monica Cantlay, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Hampton Cantlay, of South India, are being married at St. Jude's Church, Collingham Road, S.W.; Dr. Caleb Paul Wallace, M.B., of East Horsley, Surrey, the eldest son of the late Mr. Octavius Wallace, barrister-at-law, of Dublin, is marrying Miss Lucy Elizabeth Rainsford Pigott, M.B., the daughter of the late Dr. William Frederick Pigott, M.B., of St. John's, Terenure, Co. Dublin, at Rathfarnham Church on May 25; on June 12 Mr. Henry Arthur Clay, the younger son of the late Major A. J. Clay and Mrs. Clay, of The Well House, Banstead, Surrey, marries Miss Pauline Atkinson, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Atkinson, of St. Ives, King's Norton, and the wedding will be at King's Norton;

## Recently Engaged.

Mr. Charles R. W. Brewis, The Welch Regiment, the only son of Captain C. R. W. Brewis, O.B.E., R.N., and Mrs. Brewis, of Mayfield, Emsworth, Hants, and Miss Elizabeth Helen Murray, the second daughter of the late Major the Hon. Alexander D. Murray, of Pittfour Castle, Perthshire, and of the Hon. Mrs. Murray, of Chapelton House, Forres, Moray; Mr. Evelyn G. Fanshawe, of Lunugala, Ceylon, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Fanshawe, of Holywell, Bratton Fleming, Devon, and Miss Kathleen Gladstone Robinson, the younger daughter of the late Mr. Gladstone Robinson and Mrs. Robinson, of Oakwood, Timaru, New Zealand; Captain Simon Keith Fraser, the son of Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Fraser, of Leckmelm, Ross-shire, and Miss Margaret Moubray, the second daughter of the late Mr. John J. Moubray, and of Mrs. Moubray, of Kilderby, Catterick.



Anning

MR. KEITH AMBLER AND MISS BARBARA DUNCAN

Whose marriage will take place at Otley Parish Church on June 2. Miss Duncan is the eldest daughter of Lieut. Colonel K. Duncan, D.S.O., and Mrs. Duncan, and Mr. Ambler is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ambler, of Wilsden, Bradford

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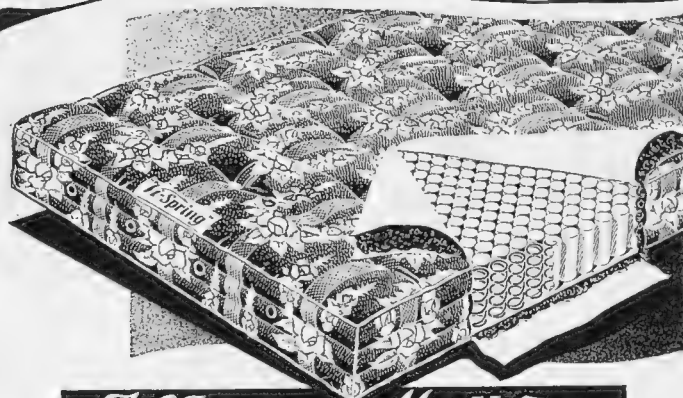


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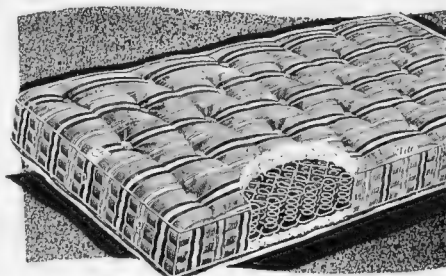


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**White**  
**Horse**  
*blindfold!"*

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you tasted a whisky that was equal to a fine liqueur ? You have it !  
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*Screw cap flasks of convenient sizes on sale everywhere*

**"Equal to a fine liqueur"**



## Polo Notes—continued from p. 280

Aquarius. You can have all the best polo talent in the world on the premises, but you won't see much fun if they have got to go mud-larking and trying to do the job on grounds that look as if an air raid had gone over them after even a brace of chukkers.

We are going to see a few good sides out with luck, and, drawing a bow at a venture, I believe that anything that starts will have all its time cut out to stop our friends from Australia collaring the Championship. This Goulburn team has not been with us since 1930, and though time stands still with no one, it is the same team, and it is a good old working rule never to disregard a horse's best form. If they have the ponies they are going to take a lot of catching by even a crack team like the Nawab of Bhopal's, whatever it may eventually be, the Irish side, with Captain Bernard Fowler and Captain Humphrey Guinness in it, or anyone else. I make this possibly bold prediction because the Ashton Frères have been a team for more than ten years, nearer twelve, and few, if any, of our teams are teams for more than a month or six weeks. If time has dealt kindly with our Australian visitors, and they have lost none of that dash and ginger we know that they had, what would you take to beat them? I think they were under-ponied when they lost the 1930 Championship 9 to 7 to that near-International team, The Hurricanes (Mr. S. Sanford, Mr. G. Balding, Captain C. T. I. Roark and Col. P. K. Wise).




THE BHOPAL TEAM AT THE BEAUFORT HUNT POLO CLUB

H.H. the Nawab of Bhopal and his powerful side will probably be knocking at the door round about Championship time, and the above picture was taken at Down Farm after they had had a friendly game with Goulburn, the Australian side. The score, 11 to 10 in favour of Bhopal, need not say anything. The names in the above picture are, left to right: the Raj Kumar Prithi Singh, Captain H. C. Walford, Rao Rajah Hanut Singh and H.H. the Nawab of Bhopal

Some of the Australian ponies were too small to take on the steeple-chase horses seen out in most tournament polo to-day. This year's lot are bigger, and those who have seen them at the Beaufort Hunt P.C. are favourably impressed. I have no personal knowledge, as I have not seen them, and paper measurements mean very little. If the ponies are right, then I repeat that I think Goulburn must be a very good bet for the Championship. We in London have yet to see the team and its ponies in action.

Another early-on idea is the 10th Hussar team for that even more interesting contest, the Inter-Regimental. Again, it is a matter of how they are off for ponies, and whether they have had all the time they think they need for collecting and, what is far more difficult, fitting. You can collect 40 of the best things ever lapped in leather and four of the best men that have ever played this game of croquet on horse-back, but if A can only ride four of them, B two, C one and D none, you are not going to progress. Of nothing more than polo is the old saying so true that what is one man's *poisson* is another man's poison. You can't come without the horse race-riding; same thing applies quite as forcibly here. There is no cast-iron hurry about dealing with the draw for the Inter-Regimental, but how do these strike you as preliminary possible winners in the first ties: 10th Hussars, 12th Lancers (holders), 27th F.B.R.A., Royals, 15th/19th Hussars, Bays and R.A. And now I am afraid that it is necessary to make the same remark that the pig did to the butcher.



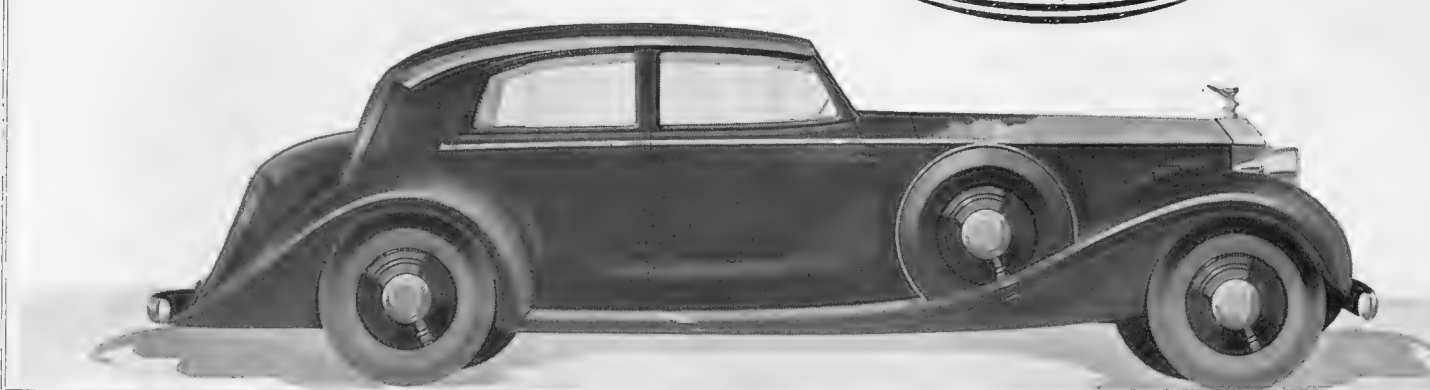
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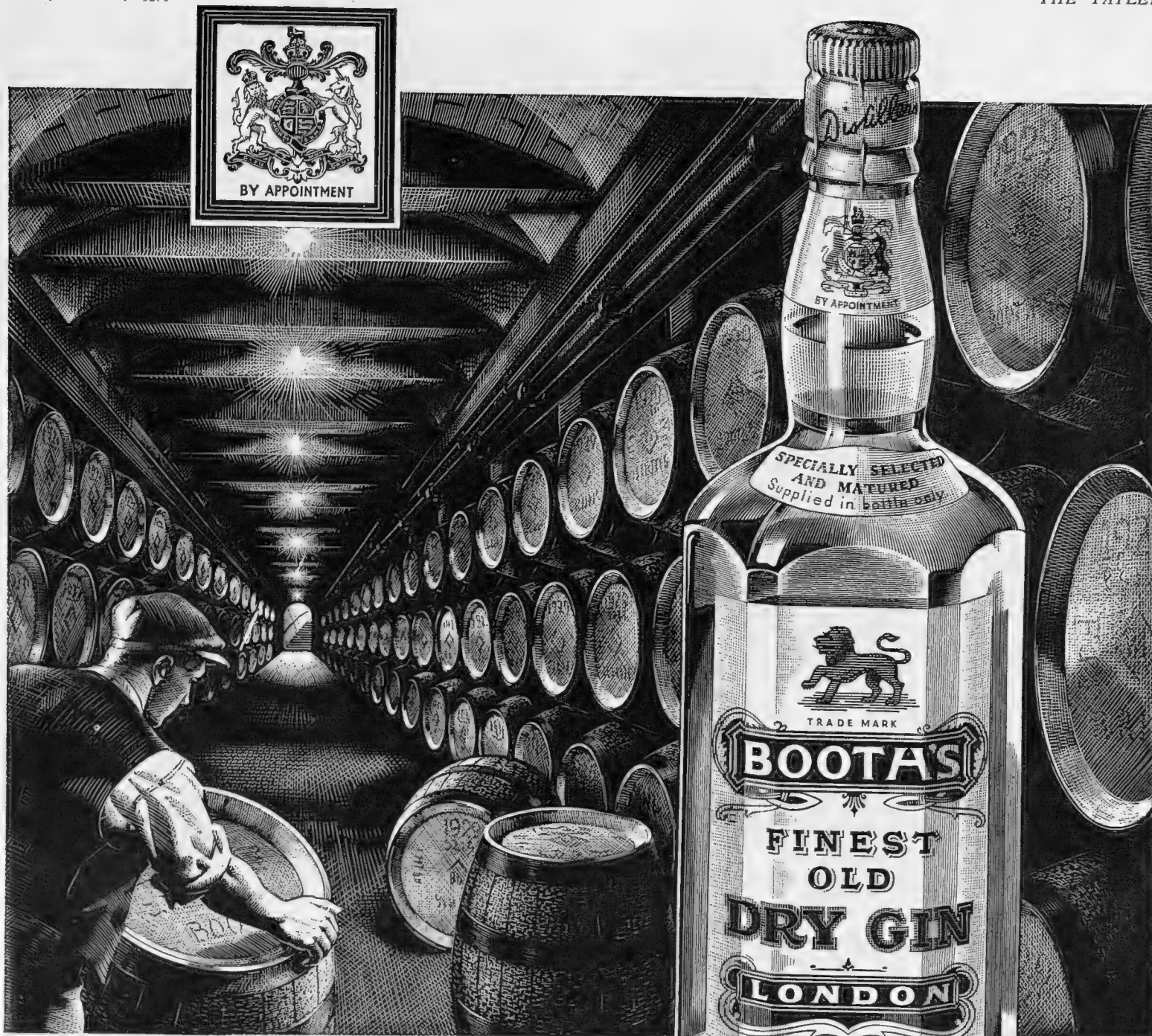
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## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from p. 277)

The principal parties concerned in Coronations never had as much consideration in days gone by as they do in these times, and even though Kings were allowed to turn a bit rusty and say, "Off with his (or her) head!" if anyone played up, this was more than counter-balanced by their being compelled to sleep in their crowns. They had a great deal to put up with because, quite apart from this uncomfortable night-cap business, custom demanded that they should completely empty their pockets of all the small cash, or spending money, they had on them, the moment anyone yelled out "Largesse!" Similarly, so my reading suggests to me, Monarchs were absolutely compelled to keep the turn of tipping with any knave or rascal who said, "A Health! A Health!" and had to pay for the swab's drink. It was most unfair, especially as anyone who failed to extort a free drink out of His Majesty stood a sturdy chance of being what they called "cropped" by the hangman, "ears, lovelocks and all." Everyone upon these occasions kept on screaming out either, "Ho! Fill me a flagon as deep as you please!" "Ho! Crush me a Cup!" or "Ho! Fill me a Brimmer!"

On the other hand, as has been said, Kings had many privileges which are denied to them to-day. Look what they could, and did, do to the jesters! It quite often happened that when Gobo or Grock had not made a witty remark for about half an hour, the King would say to the Officer in Brigade Waiting, "Here, you, just take this perisher outside, tie him to the palace railings, and beat splinters out of him till he says something funny! After that



AT CAP FERRAT: MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM AND THE HON. ESMOND HARMSWORTH

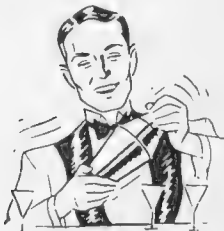
The picture was taken shortly before Mr. Maugham's departure for this country. The Hon. Esmond Harmsworth is a tennis player of no mean order: he is, of course, a member of the famous newspaper family of Harmsworth

you can dip him in the lake and cut his ears off! This sulking has got to be stopped!" It seems to me rather sad that Monarchy should nowadays be shorn of such a privilege as this.

Out hunting also, Kings used to be allowed to be far more masterful than is the case in our times. Supposing they came to a flight of new ash rails leaning a bit the wrong way with a nasty greasy take-off, what did the Monarch do? Did he say: "Someone go find a blasted gate and don't sit staring about like that"? No. He just turned in his saddle and said: "Go on, Captain Mordred (or Major Aethelbert, as the case may have been), have a cut at it! What are you hangin' about for? Whadderyer afraid of? Go on, Sir, I say, go on!" And if the officer said: "But, Majesty, this skin I'm riding is the rockiest jumper in the Royal Mews!" Did the King let him off? No, Sir! All he said was: "I know it, and that's why I've told you to have first pop at it! Hurry up! Set 'im alight! I can't wait here all day! One would think you were afraid!" Out shooting just the same. If the King's arrow missed a hart or a hind, or a badger or a stoat by a cricket pitch, they had to go off like scalded cats to field the arrow, catch the animal and stick the arrow in it. They then came back and said: "What a peach of a shot, Majesty! No one but you could have plugged him like that, going the pace he was!" Fishing, I understand, was also run on the same lines. All the 40-pounders and upwards were caught by the King. Yes, it is a pity that things have been allowed to slip as they have done, but in spite of it all, and perhaps even because of it, we still fill a bumper up to the brim and drink the one toast into which we really put our hearts:—"The King. God Bless Him!"

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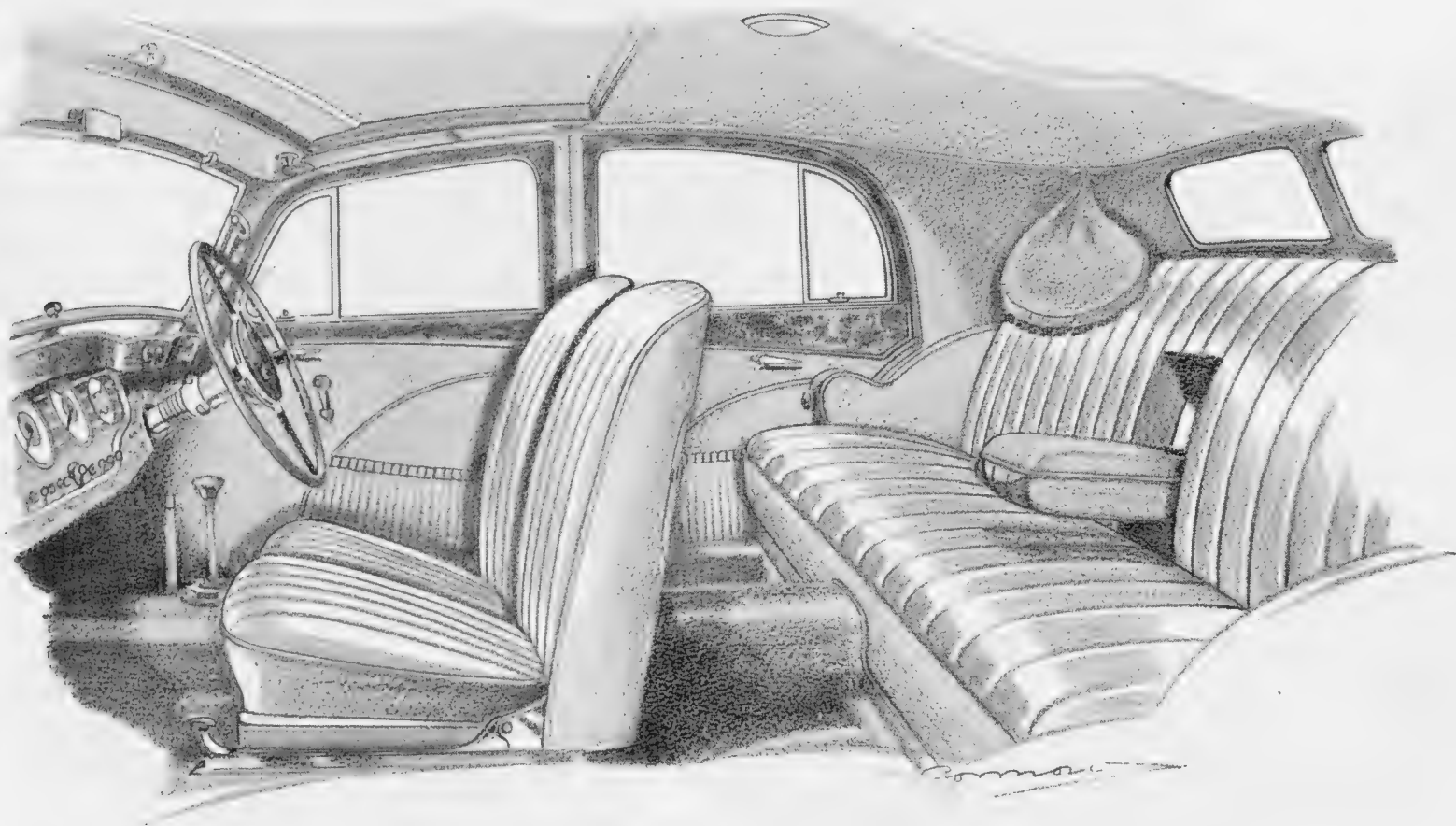
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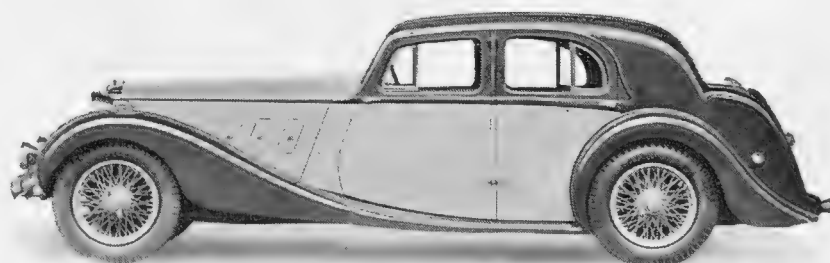
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**Lawn Tennis**—continued from p. 282

seems to be having a cycle of bad luck. First, a motor accident on her way to play in the finals at Roehampton, then this attack below the belt. Let us hope it will be a case of third time lucky and her next appearance on the court will show her to be right back into her Wightman Cup form of last season.

But, I repeat, I do regret most sincerely the lack of first-class foreign talent where the men's events were concerned in the hard court championships, because it meant that Austin was only asked to meet players whom he has already defeated on countless occasions before, so that the tournament for him became simply a series of practice games. Thus it was impossible to tell whether he really is playing better than at any period of his life, as many critics are suggesting, or whether it is simply that the absence of Perry automatically to-day adds inches to his tennis stature in any home tournament.

On the other hand, one fact did emerge from the Bournemouth meeting that really is rather comforting where our prospects of retaining the Davis Cup are concerned. And that fact was that in Harold Lee we possess a second string to Austin, capable, if he can give up the time to practise and train during the summer, of beating almost any second string put against him. I am not prone to over-praise in this article, as doubtless you have already realised, but I must confess that I was immensely impressed by the form shown by Lee in his defeat of a player who has been hailed on all sides as the most promising hope in the country. I refer, of course, to young Charlie Hare; only a few weeks ago his name was officially published by the L.T.A. as one of those chosen out for special practice in preparation for the challenge round in July. The other names on the list



IN HER COURT DRESS:  
MISS BERYL JOHNSON

Miss Beryl Johnson is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Johnson, of Henshall Hall, Congleton; she is to be presented at the first Court by her aunt, Lady Joseph. Miss Johnson is very well known in the tennis world and has figured as runner-up to Miss Peggy Scriven in the Junior Championships

consisted of the three old members of the team, Austin, Tuckey and Hughes. The new names were Hare and his doubles partner, Wilde, who waged a terrific five-set struggle in the final of the championships at Wimbledon last summer when they were four-all in the last set against Hughes and Tuckey. Though they lost on that occasion, many know-alls were predicting that the L.T.A. intended to replace the present doubles team with this younger combination and use either Hughes or Tuckey for the second singles place. Alternatively, it has been suggested that that place was being earmarked for Hare.

However, after the brilliant form displayed by Lee at Bournemouth, who came through to the final without losing a set to anyone, and massacred Hare for the loss of half a dozen games, I feel that the L.T.A. will be forced to reconsider the position and invite Lee to join the band of possibles. If the choice lay with a rabbit like myself I should not hesitate to give Lee the honour of supporting Austin, for the simple reason that he is the most consistent player we possess in the country. As consistent as Mrs. King used to be at her height. Both these players rely chiefly on the power and accuracy of their forehand driving, and more matches have been won by the consistency of a player's forehand than have been won by service aces or volleying sorties. Lee has never had such a chorus of praise about his play as many of our tennis young men who have been more successful in putting all their goods in the shop window. But the very fact that Lee's game is so unspectacular may well prove an advantage when it comes to the contest itself, for it may be that some foreign star will go on to court full of optimism that will be subsequently pricked like a balloon. And, personally, I can see no reason why Lee should not succeed in defeating one of his two opponents. That is,

(Continued on p. xx)

*a Match for*  
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**Fort**  
1937

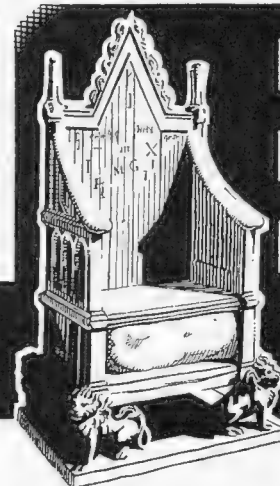
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Earl of Cottenham in the "Sunday Pictorial."



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**Lawn Tennis**—continued from p. xviii

of course, always provided that the L.T.A. are not too cussed over changing their mind and that Lee himself is able to accept their invitation if they do. Because this young man is now hard at work building up a business as an accountant and did not really intend to play much serious tennis this year. However, he must have found his own flashing forehands almost as devastating as his opponent's, and equally as insidious, since to find oneself hitting winners all over the court and driving through one's opponent's defence like fire through steel must be so exhilarating and sensational that I feel this stocky young man with the cheerful, friendly face would be hardly human if he refused to turn out for his country in the challenge round if he is invited.

And if he isn't invited, and if whoever plays in his stead loses both his matches, I still think we have a very good chance of retaining the cup. After all, Hughes and Tuckey have defeated the best combinations in the world to-day, while Austin himself has the remarkable record of having won fifteen out of eighteen matches in Davis Cup ties. Why should he fail this time? Actually, the absence of Perry may inspire him to play even better when he feels the mantle of leadership on his shoulders, just as the departure of an elder brother from a home will often give those left behind the courage and room to unfurl their own wings and learn to fly by themselves.

Of course, Austin has already been flying for a long time, and flying high, too, since there is no player in the world with a maturer knowledge of the game or a more subtle wrist when it comes to the execution. However, there were many younger brothers to be seen at Bournemouth, of whom by far the best,



*Stuart*  
A LAWN TENNIS ENGAGEMENT: MISS DOROTHY ROUND AND DR. DOUGLAS LITTLE. Congratulations have poured in upon England's No. 1 lady lawn tennis player upon her engagement to Dr. Douglas Leigh Little, to whom, it is announced, she will be married in September. Dr. Little practises in Dudley, where Miss Round lives, and he has played hockey for Glasgow University

where play was concerned, were the ex-junior champion, R. E. Mullikin, who got through several rounds in the singles and made an extremely good impression on court in his match with Tuckey, and sixteen-year-old Robert Nicholl, who was Austin's own special protégé. They played together in the doubles, and the way that young Nicholl stood up to his more experienced opponents augurs well for his tennis future. Congratulations; and congratulations, too, to his partner for making such a sporting gesture.

Every schoolboy knows that Henry VII was crowned on the battlefield of Bosworth. This romantic incident is to be re-enacted in a forthcoming Pageant of Surrey at Woking from July 3 to 13 at Pyrford Court, when Shakespeare's account of it will be deliberately corrected—a daring procedure which is calculated to intrigue historians and scandalise Bardolaters.

It is related by the dramatist, and also by all the classic historians, that when Richard III's crown was discovered in a hawthorn bush it was carried to Lord Stanley, who placed it on the Earl of Richmond, while the soldiers exclaimed "Long live King Henry!"

The Pageant producer, Mr. Christopher Ede, employs lines spoken by Lord Stanley in "King Richard III," but attributes them to Sir Reginald Bray, a Surrey notability who built, at Baynards, the finest Tudor house in the county. Baynards was the home of Margaret Roper, daughter of Sir Thomas More, on whose evidence history relies for the story of Richard's murder of the little princes.

All the other lines spoken by Stanley in the play scene are now allotted in the Pageant to Sir Reginald Bray; and Mr. Ede's authority is a new book, "The Place of Surrey in the History of England," by F. J. C. Hearnshaw, Litt.D., LL.D.

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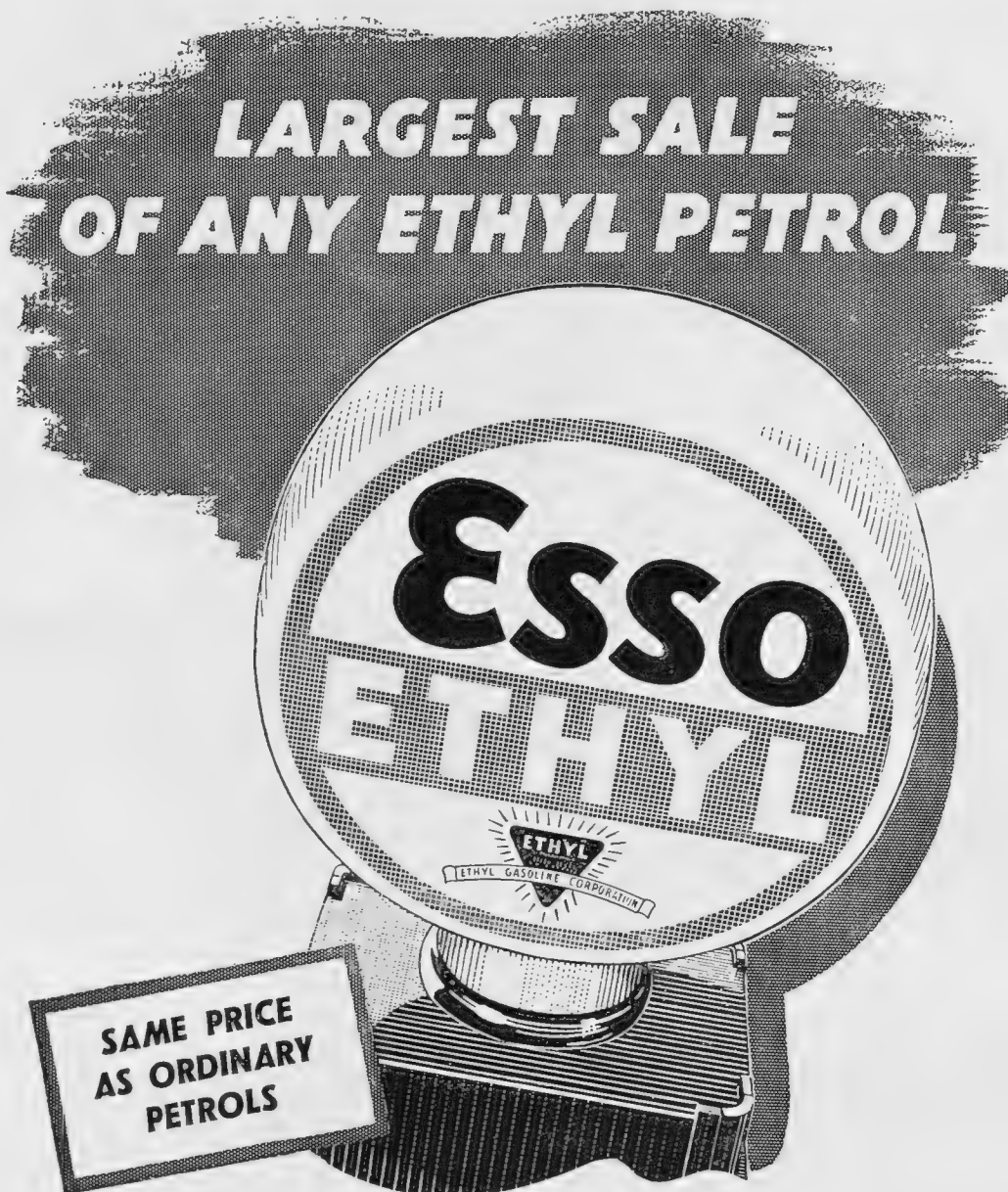
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## LADIES' KENNEL

Next Wednesday all roads lead to Olympia for it is the day of our Open Show. Ever since the first effort in 1895 the Show has been one of the events of the season in London, and it still maintains its prestige. In addition to being a social event it is an extremely good dog show, all breeds are represented, and by their best specimens. It is lucky in a way that it is so near the Coronation, as there will still be many visitors in London who will enjoy the opportunity of visiting such a famous Show. The breed classes are mostly judged in the morning, the Best in Show and Variety Classes in the afternoon. The Toy Obedience Class is always a very amusing one, it is wonderful what the Toys do.

The Afghan Hound is a most distinctive dog, quite unlike any other. They were occasionally seen here before the war, but it was not till after that they really became well known. In their native country they are used for coursing hare, fox, deer, wolf and jackal. As they come from a rough, mountainous country, they must be compact, active and with stamina. Miss Simmons has a well-known and successful kennel of this breed and is also much sought after as a judge. She sends the following letter: "The photograph is of my celebrated Champion Alfreda, a winner of five Challenge Certificates; she is thirteen years old, so has retired from the Show ring, but still has a marvellous coat and when out for walks is just like a young one. I have now been breeding Afghans for a considerable time, to me they hold a certain charm, as they are so different from any other dog. They are full of character and devotion. In choosing a puppy there is such a choice of colour which helps to make them attractive."



CH. ALFREDA  
The property of Miss Simmons

Though the Boston Terrier has been the American dog for many years it is only lately that he has been much seen here. He is a smart, active, intelligent little dog, full of life and character.



UKANSEE HAPPY DAY JUNIOR  
The property of Lady Essex

## ASSOCIATION NOTES

Lady Essex is one of the foremost supporters of the breed, and has a successful kennel of them. The photograph is of her imported dog Ukansee Happy Day Junior. He was a winner last August at Toronto just before he sailed. As he is cropped he cannot be shown here, which is a pity as he is a very typical dog, but he should be of great use to the breed and an addition to Lady Essex's already strong kennel.

The splendid Irish Wolfhound has a disposition which matches his appearance. The tallest of all dogs, he is of a dignified and courteous demeanour, nothing mean or petty about him. He is also good tempered and obedient. It is extraordinary what a small space these large dogs can curl up in, and as they "stay put," unlike the excitable terrier, they are really no trouble in a room. Miss Ansell has a well-known and successful kennel of Irish Wolfhounds. She sends a picture of three of her winning hounds with her sister. There is a bitch puppy for disposal; she is very affectionate and sound, and is to be sold quite reasonably to a suitable home. Miss Ansell is also anxious to find a country home for a bitch four and a half years old. She is small, but very sound, and an excellent mother.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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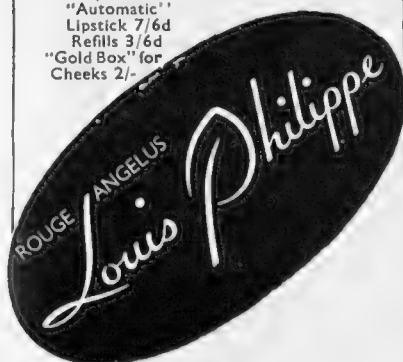
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## NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, want to help the daughter of a farmer, twenty years cook in a vicarage and now 89 years old, with a broken leg! This poor old soul, so full of patience and courage, has just spent the last of her life's little savings in paying the hospital fees of £2 2s. weekly. These have been charitably reduced by the matron to 35s., inclusive of doctor's and chemist's bills, but with only her Old Age Pension and 15s. collected by relatives and friends she is still unable to meet these fees and is faced with removal to the workhouse, which is breaking her heart. We are anxious to promise her the other 10s. a week that she may have peace in her remaining days, so do, please, send us a donation.

In connection with the dinner at the Guildhall on June 2 in aid of the Guy's Hospital Appeal Fund, Lord Nuffield, treasurer of the hospital, has offered £80,000 if the balance of the amount asked for is forthcoming. Of this £420,000, the appeal fund has been successful in raising approximately £103,000.

In the course of a recent appeal Lord Nuffield wrote: "As the newly elected Treasurer of Guy's Hospital, I earnestly recommend this appeal as deserving the most serious consideration of all who may read it. I, myself, believe in Guy's Hospital and I am full of admiration for the magnificent work that it is doing.



IRENE DUNNE AND RANDOLPH SCOTT IN  
"HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME"

This new Paramount film is in process of preparation and should be shown in the West End in the near future. With that very attractive lady, Irene Dunne, in the cast, one part of the title is at any rate fully justified. Irene Dunne plays the rôle of a circus girl who marries a man who is something to do with oil—and is presumably a near millionaire. It is a Reuben Mamoulian production and the advance information speaks of it with great favour

present appeal is made. Will you help this good cause?

Two of the most important M.-G.-M. films ever made are to be shown simultaneously in London during the Coronation period. These will be *Maytime*, opening at the Carlton on Thursday, and *Captains Courageous*, which will start at the Empire on Friday. *Captains Courageous* is the eagerly awaited screen version of Rudyard Kipling's story, with Spencer Tracy, Freddie Bartholomew, Lionel Barrymore, and Melvyn Douglas in the leading parts. *Maytime* is a musical film with a charmingly romantic story set in the Paris of the Second Empire, music of Sigmund Romberg, and a cast including Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, John Barrymore and Herman Bing.

In the issue of THE TATLER for March 31 beneath a portrait of Miss Marie Dennistoun Webster, it was stated that Miss Webster made her début last season. This was an error in the information supplied by the photographer: Miss Webster is a débutante of the present season. THE TATLER apologises for the misstatement and much regrets any inconvenience that may have arisen.

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# PARIS 1937

## Air Eddies—continued from p. 288

## Lessons

In a previous article I mentioned the conclusions drawn by Mr. Nigel Tangye about the tactics of air warfare as a result of his study of the war in Spain. Since then two things have occurred which provide factual evidence wherewith to test some of the theories about the bombing of open towns and the bombing of battleships. There has been the bombing of Guernica and the bombing of the *España*. Guernica was destroyed with heavy loss of life, and the *España* was sunk. In neither case were the bombing aeroplanes opposed with effective anti-aircraft fire or with effective fighter screens, consequently, care must be exercised in drawing conclusions from these actions. But they both of them lend a certain amount of support to those who have sought to make our flesh creep, among whom Lord Rothermere must be given pride of place. They show that the terrors of aerial warfare with modern weapons have not been unduly exaggerated, and that the aeroplane is capable of sinking warships under certain conditions.

But these instances were of attack without defence; what can defence do? That question has not been answered. But we have had the significant statement of Mr. H. E. Wimperis when, in his Presidential Address to the Royal Aeronautical Society, he said that the pendulum swinging between attack superiority and defence superiority had been on the

attack side and was beginning to move towards the defence side.

## Air Events.

Empire Air Day is in the offing, and at the same week-end there are the Isle of Man air races. There is the race from London on May 29, and there are the Manx Air Derby and the Tynwald Air Race on Monday, May 31. All three races are being run under the rules of the Royal Aero Club and the regulations of the F.A.I., with Captain Stocken doing the organisation. Machines in the London-Isle of Man race have to be at Hanworth Airport not later than 5 p.m.

on Friday for verification. The channel between St. Bees and Maughold Heads will be patrolled during the race by H.M.S. *Salamandar* and the motor lifeboats stationed at Douglas and Ramsey. The starting time from Hanworth will depend on weather and will be fixed so that the winner may reach Douglas about 3 p.m.

I hear that careful preparations have been made at Speke so that there need be no fear of a repetition of the misunderstandings of last year. The handicappers and starters are Captain W. Dancy and Mr. F. Rowarth. At Hanworth, Mr. J. R. Ashwell-Cooke, the entrant and pilot of the aeroplane which won the first air race held in the Isle of Man five years ago, when his navigator was the late Captain T. Campbell Black, will be the air control officer. At Speke the air control officer will be Squadron Leader E. H. Spence, of the Royal Aero Club.



LORD LONDONDERRY AND MRS. MURRAY-SMITH

Going for a flip at Heston Airport, where the fine weather has brought out a splendid showing of almost every type of aeroplane. Lord Londonderry, now leader of the House of Lords, was Secretary of State for Air, 1931-5, and has flown to many parts of the Empire. All his family are air-minded, particularly the youngest daughter, Lady "Mairi" Vane-Tempest-Stewart



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*Wines and Food are of the best.*

*Lounge for Coffee and Cocktails.*

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*Its Fashion Salons are approved as among the most beautiful in Europe.*



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In schemes of green, rose and off white. Sizes 58-44 inches. **6 gns**

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S.W., W., F.W. ... **21/9**

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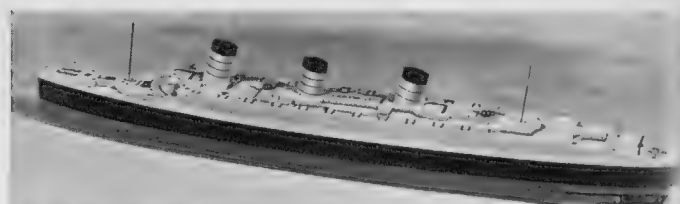
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## MODEL

The above three-piece suit was one of the many smart model creations shown recently at Burberrys' mannequin parade in the Carlton Hotel, when about 50 were exhibited for the Spring and Summer seasons.

They were received with acclamation ; and congratulations have since come from many who were there expressing their appreciation of the originality displayed together with the great beauty of the productions. These models may still be seen at Haymarket.

Model 39 (illustrated) is a multi-coloured design with sun ray effect. The vest and accordion-pleated sleeves are of face-cloth. In its entirety, the suit is an achievement of which any artist in dress designing may be proud.

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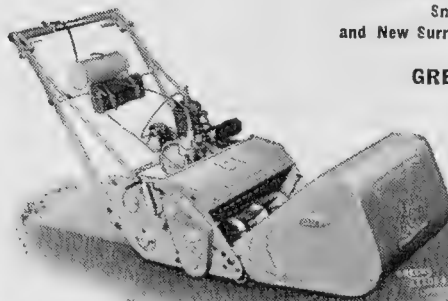
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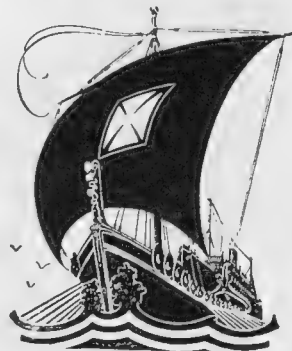
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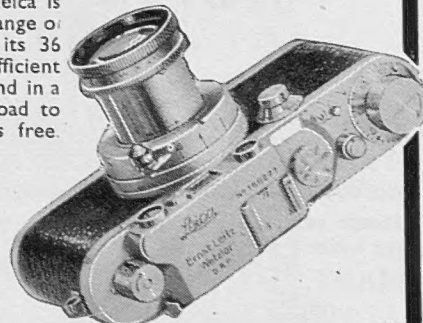
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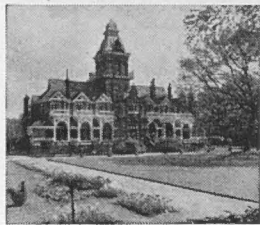
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